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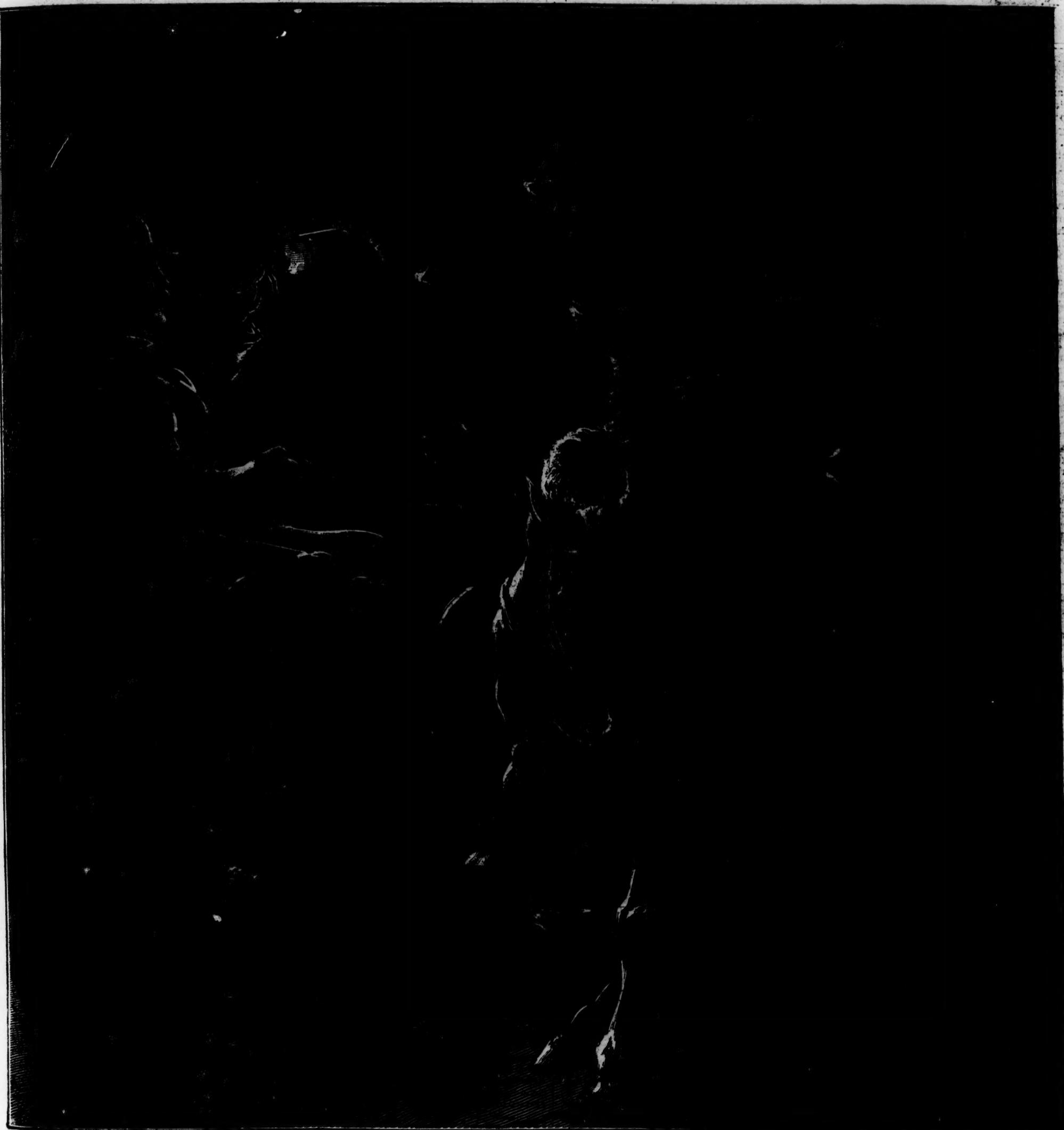
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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1886.

VOLUME XLIX—No. 478.
Price Ten Cents.



TWO FEMALE HIGHWAYMEN.

THE EXTRAORDINARY PERFORMANCE ALLEGED AGAINST MRS. SCOVILLE AND MISS DUNN OF ONEIDA COUNTY, BY
FARMER HUGH DORRITY.



RICHARD K. FOX, - - Editor and Proprietor.
POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1886.

TO OUR READERS.

The Postmaster at Somerville, Mass., was discharged for refusing to mail a copy of the POLICE GAZETTE to Europe. Any reader of this journal being refused the usual mail facilities, is requested to communicate the fact at once to the publisher.

Agents wanted to canvass for subscriptions in every city and village in the United States. Sample copies and advertising matter supplied free on application.

RICHARD K. FOX,
Franklin Square, New York.

DONOVAN'S JUMP.

In another part of this paper will be found an account of Laurence Donovan's tremendous jump from an elevation on the Suspension Bridge at Niagara Falls, 200 feet above the river level. As will be observed, the daring athlete sustained only trifling injuries and will soon be about again to receive all the admiration and applause for his wonderful feat.

In some of our esteemed contemporaries we observe a disposition to accuse Richard K. Fox of the great crime of "inspiring" Donovan to risk his life. There are, no doubt, a great many worthy persons who regard the feat as a fearfully sinful one and sincerely denounce the men they believe guilty of "putting up" the scheme.

As a matter of fact, however, Richard K. Fox, while always anxious to recognize and reward courage or skill in athletic pursuits, has never, in any way, shape or form, persuaded or attempted to persuade anybody to risk his life or limb in the performance of any act of strength or daring. As a proof of this fact it is only necessary to remind our readers that when Richard K. Fox was entreated to back poor Odium in jumping from the Brooklyn Bridge he declined emphatically to be a party to the act.

When, however, Donovan made his marvelous and gallant spring from the Brooklyn Bridge, entirely at his own hazard and on his own responsibility, Richard K. Fox was prompt to recognize the feat as having been performed by one of his own employees and bestowed several tokens of his appreciation upon him. He also found an engagement for him in a museum, which Donovan afterward declined to fulfill.

When Donovan made up his mind to leap from Suspension Bridge at Niagara Falls, he communicated his purpose to Mr. Drew, one of the editors of the Buffalo *Daily News*, who telegraphed Richard K. Fox as follows:

BUFFALO, N. Y., Nov. 6, 1886.
Richard K. Fox, POLICE GAZETTE, New York:

Larry Donovan intends jumping over Niagara Falls Suspension Bridge. He says you didn't pay him completely, and if you send certified check to me on my promise, he'll not let Boston people have credit they're trying to get.

EDWARD W. DREW.

On receiving the above printed dispatch, Richard K. Fox promptly answered it as follows:

NEW YORK, Nov. 6, 1886.
Edward W. Drew, Box 255, Buffalo, N. Y.

Would not encourage "Donovan" in a suicidal act. Treated him liberally when he jumped from Brooklyn Bridge, signed,

RICHARD K. FOX.

It will be seen, therefore, that while Richard K. Fox has been glad to show his appreciation of Donovan's nerve, and has given him substantial proofs of the same, he has never, at any time, or in any manner, "inspired" him to attempt the performance of the feat he has just accomplished.

THE Atlanta Constitution of Tuesday last gives some figures of interest alike to "dry" and "wet" advocates:

"We compared the drunks of Sunday and Saturday, just passed, with those of the same period of 1884 and 1885," said Mr. Buchanan, the station-house keeper, last night. "Now let's compare them to-day."

The books of 1886 showed that for the Monday following the last Sunday in October there were eleven drunks. In other words, eleven drunks were booked at police headquarters yesterday. For the same period in 1885 five cases were booked, while in 1884 seven drunks were registered.

SAM SMALL, the revivalist, has been sued by a Cincinnati firm for \$300 worth of jewelry. Besides this, Mr. Small is said to have bought diamonds of this same house to the amount of \$700. He is to be congratulated. As an Atlanta reporter he possessed probably a humble line of jewelry, but since his partnership with Evangelist Jones he has prospered. There is not the slightest objection to jewelry to those who can afford it, and diamonds are often alluded to in scripture.

STAGE SKIMMINGS.

Nat Goodwin's Vanishing Boy trick in "Little Jack Sheppard" knocks the Vanishing Lady higher than a cocked hat. He places a boy on a table in the center of the stage, covers him with a basket, picks up the basket and finds the boy standing in the front door of the Bijou. "That's all."

Manager Maguire has started a novel way of advertising Myra Goodwin in "Sis." Every commercial traveler is admitted free to the show, and in turn the knights of the sample case are asked to speak kindly of Miss Goodwin's performance wherever they go. Mr. Maguire has already 5,610 of them "working up" the show all over the country. This beats Harry Sargeant, the Minnie Maddern literary bureau, and Wilson Barrett's phenomenal press agent all rolled into one.

The charge has often been made that theatrical affairs were carried on with a carelessness and baseness incompatible with strict business, and reform in that particular has long been demanded. That long-headed and thoughtful men are getting into the profession is shown by the following notice, which is nailed on the star dressing room door of a theatre not far from Chicago: "In case of fire do not forget to catch the leading lady by the arm, and not her hair, to save her. The hair belongs to the properties of the theatre, and is covered with insurance. The actress is not."

Marie Bates, of the "White Slave" company, was one season the soubrette at Old Woods' theatre, Cincinnati, and was a big favorite. Her impersonation of the old darky woman in the "White Slave" is immense.

Pauline Hall is playing "Erminie" with success in Philadelphia. The Ohio girls manage to stick to the top round of the ladder every time.

Nat Goodwin told a very good story at the breakfast given by Mr. Marshall P. Wilder to Wilson Barrett the other day. The incident occurred during his western barn-storming days. One night, after a performance in Denver he stayed up late with "the boys" and did the town. At 2 A. M. he returned to his hotel, and told the night clerk that no matter how soundly he was sleeping, he must be awakened at 5 o'clock, in time to catch the train for Leadville, as otherwise he could not get there in time for the performance. "All right, sir," said the clerk, who was also the porter, "we'll be woken." Then he tumbled into bed. At 5 o'clock after three hours' sleep, came a terrific pounding at his door. "Who's there?" yelled Nat, as he jumped up. "Are you the gentleman what wanted to be called at 5 o'clock?" "Yes; all right." "Well go back to sleep again; the train's gone."

Fay Templeton has been ill in London, Howell Osborne again that she is his wife. He entertained Oiga Brandon and others at a dinner party recently. "Here's a pretty how d'ye do!"

It is said that one day recently Manager Hill directed all the stage hands who are required by "Romeo and Juliet" to wear a sort of tennis shoe with rubber soles to prevent noise being made behind the scenes. Or, as he pleasantly put it: "It's a shame, boys, to wear out your own shoes in my service. Go and get measured for a pair of rubber-soled ones and I will foot the bill."

Tony Pastor is home again. He opened his theatre in New York with his own company last Monday evening. Dan Sully will not have the house again next summer.

A few more seasons of failures and we shall get the stock system, a return to which will be heartily welcomed by both actor and manager alike.

Howard Paul has presented Mary H. Fiske, the brilliant and big-hearted Giddy Gusher of the New York *Mirror*, with a superb set of corals that were formerly worn by his accomplished wife. The set consists of a necklace, two pairs of earings, cuff buttons and hair ornaments. Mrs. Fiske was also enriched last week by a large library of standard books, bequeathed her by an old friend.

Tony Hart says he has at last secured a play that he won't be ashamed to ask his friends to come and see. His professional prospects have never been so bright since he severed his connection with Mr. Harrigan, to which all of his friends say amen!

Bob Mantell says the newspaper stories about the bushels of notes he receives from immodest females are all untrue. He says he rarely if ever receives notes from women, and then they come from a class that no gentleman wants to receive letters from. Ladies will, of course, never send missives to actors with whom they are not acquainted. Mantell, by the way, is a Scotchman, and wears a yellow toupee to patch a bald spot on the top of his yellow head.

Boston pronounces Wilson Barrett's Hamlet "perfectly sublime." Now, if Ophelia would only wear eye-glasses, the triumph of the company would be complete.

Dalziel in his sprightly *Newsletter* says very justly: "Millionaires who go in for putting in large sums of money for the purpose of erecting theatres are probably carried away by the visions of possible fun they may get out of their investment. Ballet girls are sometimes plump and pleasing, particularly when they are in skin tights. There is no easier key to the green room than a director's badge in one of these monster amusement enterprises, and I suppose some of my very rich friends in Chicago have that fact very properly in mind. The new Chicago scheme will probably come to something."

John Hooley, Jr., while acting as advance agent of Hoyt's "Rag Baby" company, committed suicide in Olean, N. Y., on Tuesday. He had been under the weather, so to speak, for some time past, and it has been an open secret that his mind was a little off its balance. It appears that the night before he killed himself he made a terrible noise in his room, and aroused all the inmates of the hotel. He barricaded himself in his room and then cried for help. When assistance came he shouted through the transom that

somebody was in the room trying to kill him, but he allowed no one to get into the apartment to his assistance. Finally he quieted down and went to sleep. When he came down in the morning he laughed the matter off by saying that he was troubled with indigestion. In the afternoon he killed himself.

John Hooley was a popular young man. He was a nephew of Richard Hooley, of Chicago, and for quite a number of years occupied the responsible position of treasurer in the box office of Hooley's theatre in that city. This was during the temporary *Role Scell* reign of Dr. Quinlan. At any rate young Hooley always had plenty of friends, and I feel sure that the news of his untimely death will be received with much regret wherever he is known.

His funeral, in Brooklyn, was one of the largest remembered in theatrical circles.

Everybody has heard of Neil Burgess, who is one of the greatest character-comedians ever seen in this country. He is to be at Harris' museum this week, and will appear as *Mrs. Puffy* in the exquisitely funny play called "Vim." He created the famous character of *Wid w Bedell*, and played it for several seasons. His new character is funnier still, and has made a greater hit. In addition to the fun in the play he introduces a circus scene, in which *Mrs. Puffy* does a bareback equestrian act on a real live horse. It is one of the cleverest acts ever invented. While the entertainment is funny, it is perfectly clean and entirely free from anything of an objectionable character.

George Fawcett Rowe, the actor author, tells a good story on himself in the clubs. Summoned to the door of his lodging when partially dressed, he slipped on his trousers, vest and coat. The message he received was urgent, and he hastily donned his shirt and collar; missed his vest containing his watch and loose change; called on Captain Williams and notified him of the robbery. All that day he was excited over his loss; the watch was a souvenir of his early days in Australia, and highly valued for this reason. The detective could get no clue, and that night Rowe retired to his lodging; satisfied he would never see his watch or his figured vest again. Imagine his joy as well as chagrin on removing his shirt to find that, in his hurry in dressing, he had slipped his shirt on over the vest he had donned to protect his manly chest from the draughts of the open door.

A new ballet girl was engaged for the latest Opera at the Casting, and given a suit of tights to wear on her first appearance. When she emerged from the dressing room Ed. Aronson noticed that she wore glasses, and said: "You are going to take off them spectacles, ain't you?" "No, sir," she said, very emphatically, "I'll not take off another thing."

On Monday, last week, Rosina Vokes was so low that her friends and physicians thought she was dying. There was a touching scene in her bedroom at the Richelieu Hotel, Chicago. She sent for her maid, her husband's servant, and said goodbye to them, and she gave her husband her instructions as to her place of burial. She expressed a desire to be buried at Brompton, near London, and exacted a promise from Mr. Clay that he would see that her body was taken over the water. On Tuesday she rallied a little, and at the present writing there seems to be a general feeling of hope that she will recover. Cecil Clay, who is devotedly attached to his wife, looks twenty years older since her illness. "I never saw such a change in a man in my life," remarked one of the company to me, commenting on the matter. "He looks and acts like an old man now."

Edna Courtney and Henry Taylor, of "The Strangers of Paris" company, were married recently in New Orleans. This is Edna's second trial, her first husband being Harry Williams, a Brooklyn manager.

London is licking its chops over Lord Lonsdale's plight. It now appears that he dropped the Cameron because he had no money to carry her through. Strikers at his mines and refusals of his agricultural tenants to pay rent have made serious inroads on his income. He is buried in debt, and only the best efforts of the trustees of his estates save them from being covered with executions. He has sold his stud of hunters, and Lady Lonsdale has found it the better part of economy to give up her splendid establishment in London and go to live with her brother. Nobody for a moment believes that Lonsdale will ever return to America, on theatrical business at least.

It is said that W. A. Mestayer has gone into a rather novel scheme for investing his surplus cash. It is neither more nor less than the buying up of all the choice staterooms on the best of the fast vessels running between New York and Liverpool next spring. It wouldn't amount to much in ordinary times, but the American Exhibition in London next summer will draw swarms of Yankees to Europe. As a matter of fact, there is already a lively rush for accommodations. Mestayer has already invested \$20,000 in this direction. His partner in the affair is young Mr. Low, who is to have the handling of the tickets. The plan is to advance prices over the regular fare, and pocket the difference.

Miss Flora Walsh, the young lady who made such a success with Hoyt's "Tin Soldier" company, in the character of *Lot's Chisaid*, is only sixteen years old, and her work on the stage has been forced to such an extent that her health is completely broken down, and her friends are seriously alarmed that she will drift into galloping consumption.

Because Mine. Gerster has been seen in public wearing a costume in which the predominating colors were Prussian blue and crimson, the Parisians have come to the conclusion that her mind has been affected by her recent illness.

The circuses are being housed for the winter. The red lemonade which is left over will be given to the elephants to bathe in. This will make it stronger for next season's use.

Miss Georgia Cayvan is said to have looked lovely in breeches in Rochester's "Daughter of Ireland." The audience being duly impressed by her clipper-built figure.

OUR PICTURES.

The Chief Events of the Week Pictorially Delineated.

An Unknown Steamer Lost.

On another page will be found an illustration of the sinking of the mysterious steamer which foundered off New Haven, Nov. 7, and was mistaken by the spectators for the revenue cutter Manhattan.

Tried to Shoot Her Betrayer.

A trial that will undoubtedly attract much attention has opened in the local courts. Henry Horn, a well-known society man, will be placed on trial to answer a serious charge. For some time past he had been keeping company with Miss Mary Fligwilliams, an estimable young lady at Washington, Pa. She is a tall blonde of twenty years and very handsome. Some days since Horn called on her while she was alone in the house, and, it is alleged, brutally assaulted her. He was arrested and gave bonds in the sum of \$2,000 for his appearance. The young girl could not brook the law's delay, but on Friday week armed herself with a revolver and started out to find Horn. Meeting him on Franklin street she raised the weapon and fired. The ball passed under his left arm and he escaped injury. She was arrested and gave bail in the sum of \$1,000. The other day she received a letter from Miss Little Red, of Sharpsville, who claims that a few years ago she tried to kill Horn with a revolver for having accomplished her ruin. She will appear in court and testify against her betrayer.

An Exciting Contest.

We illustrate, this week, one of the most interesting races ever run in the Northwest. It took place in F. J. Claxton's Star Rink, Calgary, Alberta, N. W. Territories, on Oct. 21. The entries were two white men and two Indians—George Irwin, old-time runner; J. W. Stokes, champion long distance runner from Birmingham, England; Bad Dried-meat Man, champion long distance runner of the Northwest, and Deerfoot, champion five-mile runner from the camp of the Blackfeet. The men got off at 9 P. M., amid the wild excitement; betting, \$100 to \$2,500 on Deerfoot. Irwin took the lead for the first quarter, but Deerfoot passed him and kept there, although he had several spurts for the lead; sometimes Irwin would have it and again Deerfoot would have it. This only lasted for the first three miles; then Stokes came up, and the race was between him and Deerfoot; Irwin and Dried-meat Man falling behind. Deerfoot kept the lead to the finish, beating Stokes by half a gap, Bad Dried-meat Man third, Irwin fourth. Time, 57 minutes and 20 seconds. Irwin did not intend to finish; he merely entered to fill up the race. He is our best sporting man in the Northwest. His home is in Brandon, Manitoba. He is the owner of the following running horses: Lucy B, Peora, Little Brown Jug, Grayhound, Dispatch and Satan. He has been in our town thirty days, and his horses and himself has run thirty-two races. On the night previous to the ten-mile race he ran Stokes five miles, giving him 100 yards at the finish, and beat him about ten yards. Time, 24 minutes and 27 seconds.

Donovan's Drop at Niagara.

Lawrence M. Donovan dropped from the new suspension bridge into the Niagara river, a distance of 195 feet, at seven o'clock the morning of Nov. 7 for a wager of \$300. The weather was cool and clear, the ground and bridge covered with snow. He selected the centre of the bridge for his seat. He swung himself over the side and dropped, with all his clothes and boots on, into the depths below. He went down straight as an arrow, striking feet first, making a heavy splash in the water. As soon as he reappeared he was picked up by Drew and Haley—who had accompanied him from Buffalo, and who were in a small boat.

He is at the Brozel House with a broken rib, and is attended by Drs. Palmer and Clark. In an interview regarding thefeat he says:

"They say the bridge is 195 feet high, and after they took me out of the water I found out that the water is lower now than it ever was, and the distance from the bridge must be 215 feet. It was a terrible jump, and I wouldn't make it again for the whole United States. We drove on the bridge about a quarter to seven o'clock, I guess it was. We had to wake up the man at the gate and get him to unlock it for us, and I was afraid he would be suspicious and stop us. When we got to the place that I picked out last Sunday we stopped the horse and got out. It was on the Canada end of the bridge, but pretty near the middle of the river.

"I took off a rubber coat I had on, and then I was all ready. I had on my jumping suit, the same I jumped from the Brooklyn bridge in. My pants were tied tight around my legs with twine to keep the water from getting in, and I had my coat unbuckled, so that if it bothered me in the water I could get out of it easily. I'm sorry for that now, for if the coat had not spread out in the air as I was going down I would have struck the water square, and wouldn't have broken my rib. Prof. Haley says it wanted three minutes of 7 o'clock when I jumped. He had his watch in one hand, and a pistol in the other when I climbed up on the rail and balanced myself with one hand. I was facing the rapids. All the bridge guy ropes are on the other side, and I did not want to get tangled up in them. I couldn't see the boat from where I was, and when Mr. Haley asked me if I was all ready I said, 'Is the boat there?' 'She's there all right,' said he, and I told him to 'Let her go.'

"He fired the pistol and I stood up straight and jumped a little forward and down. How did I feel? Well, it's hard to tell. I closed my eyes when I jumped, but I opened them right away again, but I didn't seem to see anything. My elbows were close to my sides and I kept my feet together. When I struck the water it seemed as though I would burst to pieces.

"The shock was terrible, and I kept right on going down till it seemed as if I'd never stop. When I came to the surface I struck out with my arms and legs, but I was dazed and I don't know which way I swam. The current kept carrying me down, but the boat got to me pretty soon. As soon as they pulled me in I spit up a lot of blood, and then I fainted dead away."

The physicians who examined Donovan on his arrival in the city found him suffering from considerable excitement, several bruises and an abrasion on each of his elbows made when he struck the water. The fourth rib on the left side was found to be separated from the breast bone, and was at once bandaged. Both physicians express the opinion that the jumper will be around in a couple of days, and that his escape from more serious injuries is a very lucky one.

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THIS WICKED WORLD.

A Few Samples of Man's Duplicity and Woman's Worse than Weakness.



Mrs. Parsons has been speaking before immense crowds in different parts of the country in the interest of her convicted husband, the Chicago Anarchist. She has created a furore wherever she has appeared by her charges against the officers of the law who aided in convicting her husband and his associates.

DEAD-ALIVE.

The Condition of a Convict in Auburn, N. Y., Penitentiary.

"It's tough! it's mighty tough!" exclaimed a young man about thirty years of age. He had a boyish-looking face, and a pair of black eyes snapped beneath two heavy eyebrows. He was dead, however. He had died sixteen years ago. Dead, and still in flesh and blood? Yes, dead. Not deceased, literally speaking, but technically he is defunct. He is a life man in Auburn prison. The law makers of the great State of New York have declared all life convicts legally dead. They cannot hold property, and wives who survive them can marry again without being first divorced. They are as dead, to the law as the occupant of the newly-made grave in the cemetery is to the world of ours. There are entombed behind the walls of Auburn Prison between sixty and seventy life convicts.

As a class they are the best behaved men in the prison. Their resurrection entirely depends upon their good behavior, and they seldom ever violate the rules. There is occasionally a black sheep among them. The straightforward ones, however, have been styled prison policemen by their fellow convicts. They earned their compatriots because, as a rule, they are continually on the alert to render some special service to their keepers by reporting convicts who are plotting mischief—to escape, to burn the shops, conspiring to revolt, etc.—thereby hoping to gain their freedom through the Chief Executive of the State, as many of their companions have before them. It is my purpose in this article to tell the living world something about these legally dead men. To begin: William Comstock has served more successive years behind the walls of a prison than any other man living. Comstock was pronounced legally dead twenty-eight years ago. He came from Madison county, and entered the prison Sept. 28, 1858. Comstock was the author of one of the most awful butcheries chronicled in criminal history.

During an attack of delirium tremens he murdered his father and mother, and cut out their hearts and roasted and ate them. He was put upon trial for his life, but the jury returned a verdict of murder in the second degree. He was sentenced Sept. 25, and three days later he registered at the prison. Twenty-five years is but one tick of the pendulum that moves eternity's great clock, but to a man in prison it is a long stretch of time. Comstock has worn the striped uniform over a quarter of a century, and the rigor of prison life seems to agree with him. He is well preserved, and enjoys as good health as he did the day the ponderous outer iron gate closed behind him. He has never been under medical treatment, and for a man bordering close on to seventy he is extremely agile. A little above the medium height, straight as an arrow, swarthy features, an eye like an eagle, and black hair sprinkled with gray. You have a fair pen-picture of the senior convict of the State of New York. Yes, he is more than that. He is the veteran of the striped army, fed, clothed and housed by the Empire State. Not because of any love for its soldiers, but for the reason that it is deemed a safe place for the guerrillas and banditti of society.

A few facts about Comstock's prison life will be in place. Comstock's number is 9,478, and the number of the last man received is 20,189. Ten thousand seven hundred and eleven men have registered since Comstock, and not one of this large army remains in prison who was there when he came. Convicts have a curious method of reckoning time. Hash is served for breakfast 365 mornings in a year. A plate of hash represents a day. If a convict had served out all his sentence but six months, say, he counts them; he has 18 plates of hash yet to eat. According to this rule, Comstock has eaten 10,220 plates of hash. Comstock takes as active a part in politics as his limited circumstances will permit. He has won and lost heavily on candidates. He won \$300 on Governor Tilden's election. He lost on Robinson's re-election, won again on Governor Cleveland and came even on Governor Hill, having bet on Davenport and afterward hedged. He lost \$200 on Hancock, but made it up on Cleveland and \$70 more. For nearly twenty years Comstock has been attached to the laundry department. His business is to gather and distribute shirts to the 1,000 convicts. This indispensable article of underwear is trundled about in large numbers in a two-wheeled cart. They are changed once each week. Comstock's position gives him free intercourse with his fellows,

but he has never been known to abuse a privilege. He is a very true man and has never been punished or even reprimanded during his twenty-eight years of prison life. His case has been before every Governor for pardon since Fenton's time. The unfortunate man lives in hope that there is life for him beyond his legal grave and that some day he will again be a free man.

Patrick Brady has an interesting life. He was sentenced to Clinton Prison in 1853. Four years later, while working in the iron mines, himself and several others made a break for liberty. They were pursued by a guard named Wright, and they turned on him and killed him. One of the escaping party throwing a heavy iron bolt which struck him in a vital part killing him instantly. All of the men were captured. Brady and one named Sewell were tried and condemned to death on the evidence of three of the party who were engaged in the escapade, and who were afterward pardoned. Brady has always maintained his innocence. Sewell, however, admitted his guilt, and insisted that he alone threw the missile that killed Wright. It is charged that the prisoners were denied the right of challenging the jury who sat in judgment upon their case. The law at that time was that a man sentenced to death should first serve ten years in State Prison and be executed at the expiration of that time. His sentence was finally commuted to life imprisonment. The officers at Clinton Prison always held that Brady was guiltless of the crime. Miss Linda Gilbert and counsel, Gen. Foher, of England, have tried to have him pardoned. Application was made to Gov. Cleveland, and Brady was denied.

Several years after his first effort Brady succeeded in escaping, and went as far as Chicago. To tantalize the prison officials, he sent them his photograph. This little incident led to his recapture. Sewell died in prison. Criminals have a wholesome fear of Clinton Prison. This institution is located in Danemora, Clinton County, a small village in the northern part of the State. The prison and town are situated near a vast wilderness, hundreds of miles away from the main arteries of travel that cross the interior of the State. Once located in this out-of-the-way place, they are not accessible to friends and relatives, who seldom visit them, on account of the long distance and great expense. Brady having spent over a quarter of a century amid such dreary surroundings, Superintendent Baker humanely allowed him to change his abiding place for a far more pleasant one in Auburn. He came to Auburn late last month. Warden Moon, of Clinton Prison, has said: "If talking would get a man out of prison, Brady would have been pardoned long ago, for he has done talking enough to take him through a prison wall 40 feet thick." In point of seniority, Brady is 3 months the junior of Comstock, the last named having been in "active service" since September, 1858, and Brady since December, 1858.

BISHOP BASCOMB'S WIFE.

A Woman Who Brought Disgrace On Her Family By Her Amours With a Negro Slave.

A Lexington (Ky.) correspondent writes: In the Lexington police court, a few days ago, a colored woman had occasion to testify to a Jim Smith, whom she denominated "her children's father." It turned out that Jim was a white man, who was her husband.

The laws of Kentucky do not sanction miscegenation, but that it exists is apparent to any observant person who walks the streets at Lexington and scans the complexions of the people to be met with. Nor is this wholly due to the fact that the fathers are white.

On the list of indictments now pending in the Fayette Circuit Court is one against a woman named Bascomb. She resides with her children and grand children in a house with several acres of ground attached, at the corner of the avenue leading to the fair grounds, in one of the most respectable portions of Lexington's suburbs. The house is a modest brick, low-roofed, long and roomy, and in its best days was an abode of luxury. On any fine day a number of mulatto children, with peculiar, long, black hair and olive complexions, may be seen playing in the large front yard, sometimes a buxom-looking and still handsome middle-aged woman, of the brunetté type, mingling with them, and often still an aged and wrinkled old woman sitting at the door looking on, perhaps with a pipe in her mouth, and perhaps not.

Few who pass the place know who is the owner of the neglected-looking house and grounds. Some who are attracted by something or another peculiar about it make inquiries concerning the people who live there. When ladies are in the company an evasive reply is given, but it the answer comes:

"That is where Mrs. Bascomb lives," the question is immediately put: "What Bascomb?" Well may it be inquired "What Bascomb?" That was an honored name in the Methodist Episcopal church in this country. The memory of Bishop Bascomb still lives with many who recollect his handsome presence, dignified bearing, lofty eloquence, distinguished learning, and sincere piety. His name is inscribed high up among the noble and the worthy in the history of the church. And is that old, wrinkled, meanly-clad person the widow of the great Bishop Bascomb? Sad is it to say it, but it is even so. And who are those children? They are her grand-children. And who is that middle-aged woman neatly but poorly dressed, and who might once have been handsome? That is the bishop's daughter. Where is her husband? working behind the plow, driving somebody's team, or in some other way following the avocation to which he was early trained. What do you mean? Well, to be brief, the father of those children was a slave, owned by their grandfather, and is as black as the ace of spades.

Bishop Bascomb was a man of handsome presence and engaging manners. He was particularly attractive to the other sex. In an evil hour, during a visit to New York, he met a lady who fell deeply in love with him. He reciprocated her love and they were married. He brought her to his Kentucky home. Unfortunately for his peace of mind she was a woman of "isms," and early began to show her contempt for the laws governing modern society, and was open in her denunciation of slavery. The good bishop became president of Transylvania University, and while he wasted his energies to give the institution a great reputation as a seat of learning his usefulness was impaired and his health undermined by the trouble which his wife's vagaries caused him. He pined in silence and died heart broken. His family troubles were known to his church people, who at once set about the task of saving their beloved bishop's name from being dragged in the mire and filth of an unavoidable scandal. The executors of the estate found little except the library and homestead and a few

slaves upon which they could hope to realize much. They proposed to the widow that she should leave the country and go north well supplied with funds. She refused. They proposed to adopt the daughter and tenderly watch over her Christian training and education. The offer was declined. Nothing was left but to execute the trust and sell the property. Among the slaves was a negro coachman, who was accused of being the cause of all the trouble. He was put up at auction. The bereaved widow bought him. After a while indignant citizens warned the widow and the negro that the latter must leave or sudden death would surely overtake him. Fearful of the outcome of this threat, and dreading a lynching, she sent the negro away. When things cooled down she brought him back. The war came on and set him free. He is the reputed father of Bishop Bascomb's grandchildren.

AN EDITORS' QUARREL.

It is a rare thing for a Southern editor to seek redress in the law courts against another editor for alleged grievances. Col. John L. Barton, editor of the *Daily Examiner*, a leading paper of Waco, Texas, and the home organ of Senator Coke and Gov.-elect Ross, has just instituted suit against A. H. Belo & Co., proprietors of the *Galveston News*, claiming \$50,000 damages. He also sues Messrs. Berison & Wilson, of Waco, proprietors of the *Waco Alliance-Standard*, and R. H. Kingsbury, Jr., claiming \$25,000 damages from them for injury to his reputation. Kingsbury is a leading young lawyer of Waco, and spends a good deal of his time in Washington during the sessions of Congress with Senator Coke. He ardently opposed Hon. Roger Q. Mills for Congress, supporting Dr. Rankin, Prohibition candidate. Kingsbury's temperance zeal led him into a controversy with Col. Barton, resulting in Kingsbury publishing a long article in the *Alliance-Standard* wherein he made public two private letters received while in Washington last January from Col. Barton. The two men were then on intimate terms, and Barton, writing on political matters, said to Kingsbury:

MY DEAR BOY:—The bee has crept into my own bonnet. In confidence I tell you about it. I want to be governor of New Mexico, and will come before Mr. Cleveland very strongly recommended.

He then asks Kingsbury to "feel" Hancock, Maxey, Reagan, Throckmorton, and Mills, but tells him not to approach "Little Olin," meaning Congressman Wellborn, or Dave Culberson. Kingsbury comments very severely on this letter. The *Galveston News* republished Kingsbury's article and supplemented it with an editorial not very complimentary to Barton or his newspaper. The libel law of Texas is the most stringent of any State in the Union. A newspaper can be sued in every county where it circulates, thus necessitating a live journal keeping a staff of attorneys over the State. Col. Belo's paper was mulcted \$10,000 two years ago by the Supreme Court of Texas for publishing evidence taken before a sub-committee of the legislature. That case would have been laughed out of court up North. Editor Barton's action in seeking to take advantage of a bad law which he strenuously sought to have repealed is attracting a great deal of attention throughout the State.

BROKE FOR LIBERTY.

The State convicts employed by Mason, Ford & Co. at the Greenwood Mines, Somerset, Ky., made a desperate and partially successful attempt to escape early the morning of Nov. 6. Only for Markwood, one of the guards, who displayed splendid courage, the country would be flooded with the thugs and thieves of the Frankfort Penitentiary. The other night they concocted a plot to overpower the guards and make a dash for liberty. After eating breakfast they fled out of their temporary prison and made for the entrance to the mine. All had entered but six of the worst men in the gang. These, instead of entering as usual, wheeled round, dashed the guard, Markwood, to the earth and started down the road to liberty. Markwood recovered his equanimity in a second, and grabbing his gun held the convicts at bay until the other guard put in an appearance. As soon as relieved he dashed after the six fleeing convicts, who were beginning to scatter in every direction. Two were still together, and after calling in vain for them to halt he fired. Both of them fell, but he did not stop to examine them, but ran on for others. After firing three more shots he brought down another man. The others escaped.

There is much excitement over the matter, and the guards are keeping strict watch, fearing another outbreak. Perry Perkins has captured another convict since the above was written. Two are still at large. One of the convicts is dangerously wounded, being filled with buckshot. The others wounded are not considered dangerous.

ATTEMPTING LYNNING IN CHICAGO.

William Smith, a negro, arrested last Friday in Chicago on suspicion of being the brute who assaulted and robbed Mrs. Mary Dolan and Miss Nora Moran last Sunday night, near Sixty-first and Hale streets, was taken before the two women for identification. The two women were on the second floor of the house on State street, near Sixty-second. Both identified the negro as their assailant, and while the interview was being held about twenty relatives and friends made a rush for the prisoner, rope in hand, and Sergeant Wright and three officers were obliged to use their clubs freely in order to get away with their prisoner. The prisoner was taken to the county jail, it being thought best to remove him from Hyde Park jail. The two women were brutally beaten by their assailant, and Miss Moran's head is still bandaged.

A DRUNKEN WOMAN'S ESCAPE.

While crazed by liquor the night of Oct. 30th Mrs. Mary E. Neagle of 98 Brighton street, Boston, Mass., attempted to jump from a third-story window. Her husband seized her dress, but she dashed toward the window, leaving the greater portion of her dress in her husband's hands, and leaped to the ground. She was found lying in the yard senseless. Two clothes lines stretched about a foot apart broke her fall and saved her life.

ARKANSAS ROBBERS.

The other night at 11 o'clock while County Treasurer Ward, of Des Arc, Ark., was going from his office, a couple of men seized him, threw a coffee sack over his head, beat him badly and took his keys and robbed the office of over \$11,000. He was knocked senseless, and when found his legs were tied together. There is no clue to the robbers.

OUR PORTRAITS.

The Men and Women Who Find Pictorial Fame in These Columns.



We print above the successful Bob Taylor, the Governor-elect of the State of Tennessee, who defeated his brother, Ali, who ran against him on the Republican ticket for the important office. Their novel campaign of fiddling, baby-kissing and story telling has already been told by the daily press with considerable detail.

Augustin Neuville.

We publish this week an excellent portrait of Augustin Neuville the youthful comedian now starring in the well-known play, "The Boy Tramp."

Frank D. Bacon.

We publish elsewhere in this issue a portrait of Frank D. Bacon, the New Haven drummer, who committed suicide in the latter city last week under the most sensational circumstances.

Mattie Vickers.

This charming young actress, who has for several seasons amazed and delighted the country with her limitations, and who is now starring in "The Cherub," a new play by E. A. Locke, is portrayed elsewhere.

Two Nebraska Runners.

In this issue we publish portraits of Perry Wilcox and Henry Burman, of Fremont, Nebraska, two famous sprint runners and members of the J. C. Cleveland Hose team, whose record for running 300 yards, laying 300 feet of hose, 41 1/2 seconds, was made at the Nebraska State Tournament, 1885.

Juan Jose Vasquez.

Juan Jose Vasquez, chief of police of Nogales, Sonora, Mexico, is one of the most distinguished police officers on the coast. He formerly served on the forces of Sacramento, San Francisco and San Jose, California. He has served several terms as chief of the force in Nogales, Mexico, and rendered good service. The chief made himself very popular during the recent cutting complications, and by his wise judgment endeared himself to both Mexicans and Americans.

John Joyce.

Joyce is twenty-eight years of age, weighs 195 pounds and stands 5 feet 11 1/2 inches in height. He has fought numerous battles in the ring, is willing to fight any man in the country. Paddy Ryan preferred, for the gate money of any hall, to be divided in the following way: 75 per cent. for the winner and 25 per cent. for the loser, and if Paddy Ryan is not anxious to make a match, Kilrain, Herald, Ashton, Lennon or Pat Dillon can be accommodated by answering through the columns of this paper.

Louis Bieral.

Louis Bieral is the ex-inspector of customs of this city who shot Hans S. Beattie, the Surveyor of the Port of New York, at the latter's office the other day. The Surveyor had early in September recommended Bieral's dismissal on the charge of defrauding an immigrant girl, Marie Mertens. The would-be assassin is an old-timer of seventy-two years of age. He has been known as a political healer, prize fighter, gambler and sport. It is also alleged that he has done his man before this affair.

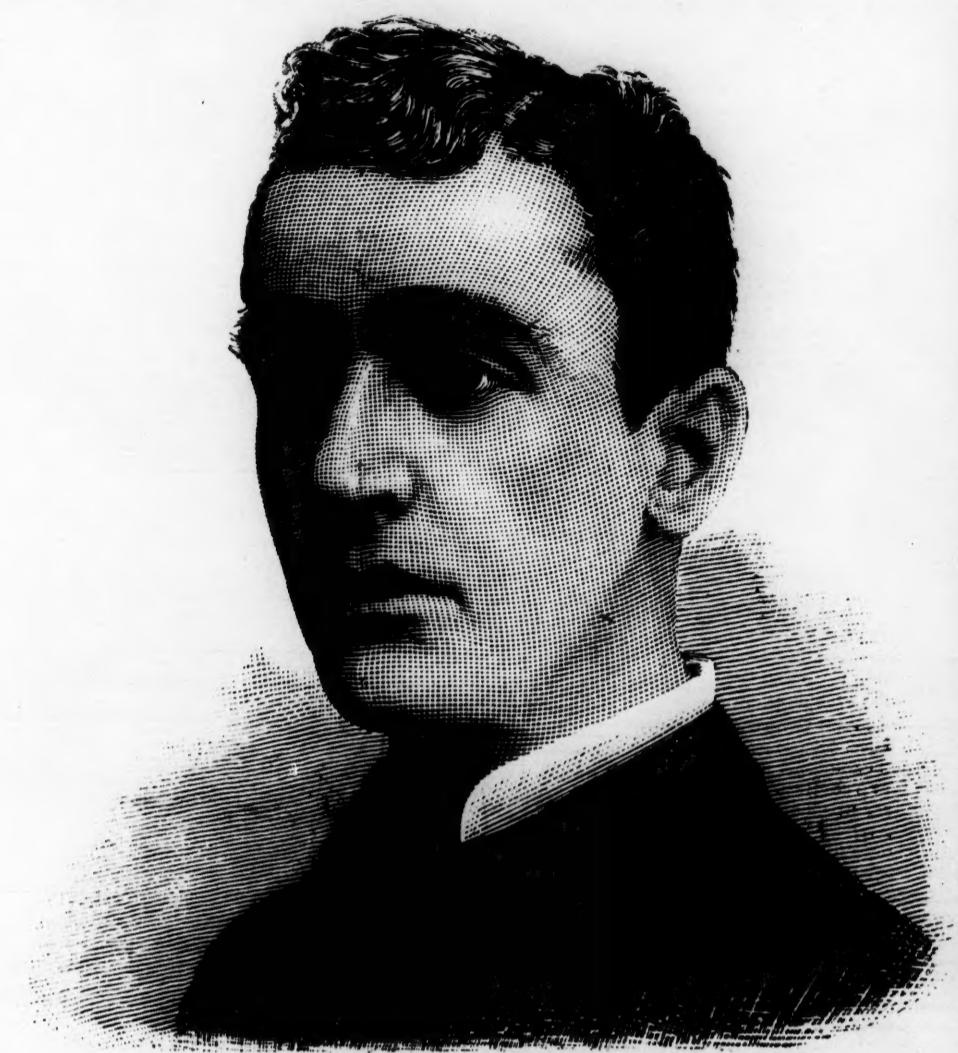
Captain John Gully.

Captain John Gully, of the B. T. Haviland Sandy Hook tug, saved two lives at Tetho's pier, foot of Twenty-third street, Brooklyn, and a fireman on board his own boat. The presentation of a gold medal and marine glass was made him on account of saving the lives of three people drowning in her after she capsized. The presentation was made Tuesday, Oct. 19, at Sandy Hook. Government wharf. On exhibition at Theo. Krombach, of Krombach's Hotel, 755 Third avenue, Brooklyn.

Fred Archer.

We print in this issue a portrait of Fred Archer, the famous English jockey who shot himself last Monday while in a delirium resulting from a fever. It is said that his illness was typhoid fever. The first symptoms of the disease appeared on Thursday after he had been present at the Lewes races. When it became evident that his illness was likely to be serious he was taken to his sister's house at Newmarket. He grew worse rapidly, and was in a raging fever in the morning. He was left alone for a few minutes, and his attendant, shortly after leaving the sick room, heard two pistol shots. He hurried back and found Archer dying. The jockey had shot himself with a revolver.

The New Yorks had hard luck, and finished third instead of first, but their hard luck is not to be compared to that of the Louisvilles, which is the most marvelous on record.



AUGUSTIN NEUVILLE,

THE BRILLIANT YOUNG BOY COMEDIAN NOW STARRING ON THE ROAD



ANOTHER GUITEAU.

LOUIS BIERAL, A DISCHARGED CUSTOM HOUSE INSPECTOR, MAKES A DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE SURVEYOR HANS S. BEATTIE, OF NEW YORK.



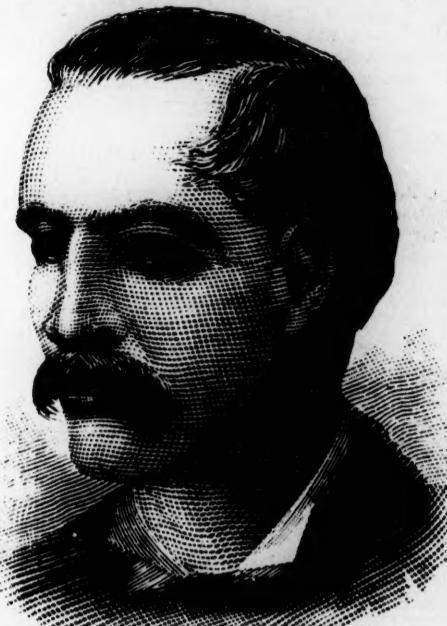
MATTIE VICKERS,

THE CLEVER YOUNG SOUBRETTE AND COMIQUE NOW STARRING IN "THE CHERUB."



RAN OFF WITH SALVATION CHARLEY.

THE ELOPEMENT OF A GROOM OF TWENTY-FIVE WITH A CHILD OF FIFTEEN WHICH ENDED IN A HORSEWHIPPING.



LOUIS BIERAL,
THE EX-CUSTOM HOUSE INSPECTOR WHO SHOT
SURVEYOR BEATTIE IN THIS CITY.



FRED ARCHER.
THE MOST FAMOUS OF ENGLISH JOCKEYS WHO
SHOT HIMSELF IN A DELIRIUM.



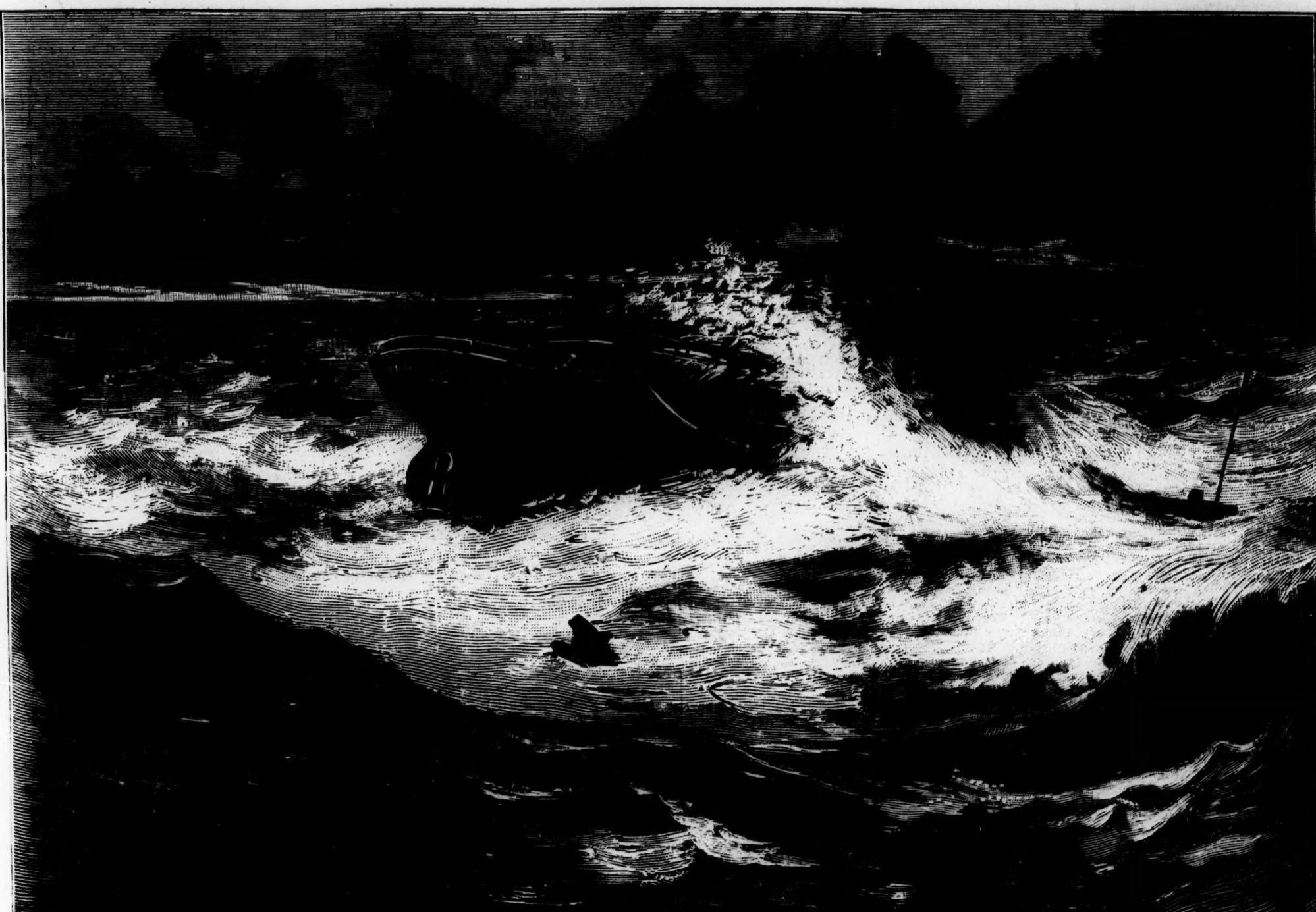
GETTING SQUARE WITH HER BETRAYER.
MISS MARY FITZWILLIAMS OF WASHINGTON, PA., CHASES FASHIONABLE HENRY
HORN WITH A REVOLVER.



JUAN JOSE VASQUEZ,
THE WORTHY CHIEF OF POLICE OF NOGALES, SONORA,
MEXICO, KNOWN IN THE CUTTING AFFAIR.



FRANK D. BACON,
THE NEW HAVEN DRUMMER WHO COMMITTED
SUICIDE IN A SENSATIONAL MANNER.



WHAT WAS HER NAME?
THE SUDDEN DISAPPEARANCE IN A GALE OFF NEW HAVEN, CONN., OF AN UNKNOWN STEAMER WHICH FOUNDERED WITH ALL HANDS.

WHO DID IT?

The Obscure And Unexplained
Murder of Mrs. Taswell, Near
Haverford College, Pa.

A DARK DEED.

The Mysterious Detective Who Says
He Knows All About It.

The murder of Coachman John Taswell's young and comely wife near Haverford College, Pa., was only as far back as Sunday evening last, but the villagers of Ardmore and the farmers of the surrounding country are as little interested in the search for the murderer as if the tragedy had entirely faded from the popular mind. No reward has been offered for the discovery and arrest of the criminal, nor has any united effort been made to solve the mystery. Native Hawkshaws and visiting Vidocqes have exchanged theories, but the circumstances surrounding the death of the woman have not yet been investigated by an experienced detective. An industrious young man from the city, whose grave mien and reserved manner have impressed a few of the country folks, has endeavored to show that a mystic tramp, clad in a dingy gray suit, slouch hat and muddy boots, committed the deed. The tramp, it was said, was tracked as far as Merion Station, where he was last seen acting in a suspicious manner on Hyland avenue, with the slouch hat pulled over his eyes and in the suspicious act of eating cold meat from a fresh looking newspaper.

"Detective and Police Superintendent" Henry G. Standen, who was said to be working on the vanishing tramp clue, talked for an hour about the murder. He is a slim, middle-aged man, with a strong English accent and one arm. He is neither the police superintendent or a detective, his official duty with the Bryn Mawr Relief Association being to receive vagrants sent by a citizen of the neighborhood and supply them with soup or other food, after they have run the saw through a pile of cord wood. He looked eccentric and ambitious for fame.

"I won renown as a detective in the old country," he said. "I'm on the track of the party that killed Mrs. Taswell, but I'm always sure before I lay my hands on a man. I don't give away my plans or theories to reporters or talk about any case I undertake, for the detectives in Philadelphia would hurry and follow my plans, capture the murderer and get all the credit. No, sir; I don't tell all I know. Why, I haven't told my wife what I know about the murder. I only need another link, and I'm just waiting for the great excitement to go down and then I can approach people and get what I want."

When asked why he did not arrest the murderer at once Mr. Standen looked wise and then said that he thought a big reward would soon be offered and the guilty man would then have heavy hands laid on him. Standen was at the funeral of Mrs. Taswell. In order to be more effective he followed the advice of friends and had his moustache shaved off, although he failed to put a patch over his eye or wear a heavy slouch hat as directed. Officer Malce, who has been devoting as much time as possible to the murder, has little faith in the tramp story. He says that he believes the guilty man will be arrested within ten days. In and about Ardmore it is the general belief that Taswell should account for his whereabouts between half-past 6 o'clock, when he left his wife at the house of old Charles Abbott, and half-past 7, when he is said to have been back to the Philler mansion.

In an interview with the editor of a newspaper published in Lower Merion township he said: "The testimony taken before the Coroner's jury furnishes food for much thought. The statements of Taswell are peculiar. At the inquest there was no testimony to show where the husband was on the evening of the murder for at least a period of an hour. Mrs. Philler and the two servants of Taswell did not appear and testify that John was in the house at about 7 o'clock. Mr. Philler was the only witness from his house. He swore that after 6 o'clock John put the team away, and that he didn't see him again until the next morning. Mr. Philler said that his wife had given John some household orders about half-past 7 o'clock or shortly before 8 and that he thought the other servants could say that Taswell was about the place from 7 until after 8 o'clock. There was no direct evidence offered to show that Taswell was on hand during that time. Now for the husband's statement. He says that he left Mrs. Taswell at the gate of the Abbott house at 6:30 o'clock and was to meet her again in three-quarters of an hour. It takes but 6 or 7 minutes to walk from Abbott's to the house of Mr. Philler, but at 25 minutes past 7 o'clock, Taswell said at the inquest that he was on the pike and saw Rowland Evans and Mrs. Evans pass in phaeton.

"That was about ten minutes after he was to have met his wife and nearly twenty-five minutes after the screams of Mrs. Taswell were heard on the pike. He went home, after loitering about the Philler residence until half-past eight o'clock, and started to meet his wife. When the door of the Abbott house is opened he says, 'Where is my wife?' When told that she had left shortly before seven o'clock, he said, 'She's been waylaid.' He then goes to search for her. It was after nine o'clock when he stops. Willie Anderson on the pike and asks if the boy had seen Mrs. Taswell up in the colored church. Then he gets a lantern at the Abbott house and, along with the old darkey, it is not long before he leads the way to the spring house in the meadow. The body is then carried to the home of Charles Abbott and Taswell, whose wife has just been foully murdered, returns to the coach house. He does not tell the servants, but sleeps until the morning, when he makes the tragedy known. Mrs. Taswell had been on intimate terms, it is said, with Aleck Green, and it was reported that Green and Taswell, at a recent colored ball, quarreled over Green's alleged fondness for Mrs. Taswell. The woman's action in hurriedly eating her supper and then leaving the Abbott house, long before her husband was to call for her, is strange, and seems as if she had expected to see some one."

Green was at Ardmore on Sunday last, and he says that he left there on the 6:25 P. M. train for Philadelphia.

ILL-USED DREDGERS.

Beaten and Imprisoned, Almost Starved and Despised.

With the conviction of Capt. Williams for the murder of Otto Meyer, a poor oyster dredger, last spring, it was believed by the State of Maryland authorities that a stop had been put to the brutal outrage for which many of the oyster boat captains of the Chesapeake are notorious. The "shanghaiing" process, as it is called, of securing hands to work the dredgers is more than ever resorted to this season, judging from the stories of rough treatment already received. By "shanghaiing" is meant the obtaining of men by misrepresentation of the work expected of them. Few men from choice will enter the dredging service unless they have some interest in the vessel. The immigrant boarding houses and other resorts in the lower parts of the city are watched by oyster "sharks," who, when they see a "greeny" looking for a job, "spot" him for the dredgers. Sometimes the poor fellow signs, through ignorance or in the belief that the life is easy and living good on a Chesapeake dredger. One turn is always enough for him. Foreigners who know nothing of oystering are easily persuaded that it is a nice, good-paying job. In several instances men have been drugged, taken aboard the schooners, and when they reviled were compelled to work for several weeks and then turned adrift on shore, half-starved and without pay, to find their way back to civilization as best they could.

The recent experience of three Russians on an oyster dredger rivaled the cruelties practiced upon the serfs in their native land or the hardships of the exiles in Siberia. They stated to a director of an asylum, into which the poor fellows were admitted to be treated for their injuries, that they never thought such cruelties were practiced in this land of the free. These three Russians had saved a little money and came to America to make their fortune. They arrived in New York on the steamship Baltic on Oct. 8. An agent of an unreliable employment agency met the men in this city and promised to get engagements for them upon the payment of \$1 each. The money was gladly paid and the men turned over to a party representing himself as a Baltimorean, and who brought them to that city. When they got there they were taken down to Fell's Point and shipped on board of an oyster puny. Some one warned them not to leave the city, but before they could fully make up their minds they were rudely hustled aboard the boat, which immediately set sail. Hardly had the gong passed Fort Carroll when the new recruits were ordered to get to work. Each one was assigned a task, which he tried hard to perform acceptably to the officers of the boat, but without success. The greatest disadvantage under which they labored was their inability to understand a word of English. This, together with the general awkwardness of their work, so incensed the captain that he beat them most unmercifully.

Aaron Schmidt was the first subject of his wrath. The captain struck him across the left jaw with a piece of iron almost breaking the bone. This blow was followed by several more about the body, each one of which broke the flesh and drew blood. Ezekiel Arthelton, a youngster scarcely twenty years old, had several of his teeth knocked out, and Hersch Houchman was nearly starved to death. Besides being severely beaten he was placed in the hold of the vessel for five days without either food or drink. In addition to this a colored man on board was ordered to pour cold water over him almost every hour in the day. When he was brought out of his dungeon cell the captain threatened to throw him overboard, but he pled so earnestly for his life that the chief officer relented and sent the three men ashore in a small boat. They were landed in Virginia, somewhere near Cowan's wharf, in Coan river, and left to their fate. That night they passed in the woods, almost dead from starvation and the cold. As soon as daylight dawned they were discovered by a sympathetic farmer who took them to his house and had them washed and fed.

In their gratitude they fell on their knees and kissed the farmer's feet. They were brought back to Baltimore by a steamboat captain, and the State authorities are trying to find the captain and crew who maltreated them. It is difficult for the authorities to get hold of the despoils who rule the oaks of the oyster boats, and many a poor wretch has been nearly murdered and the crime gone unpunished. On several of the craft men have been spirited away, and after being worked until exhausted have been stripped of every article of clothing and put ashore in mid-winter. But it must not be understood that all the Chesapeake oyster boat captains are barbarians. Many of them are honorable, honest men, who pay and treat their hands well. It is generally on the pirate boats engaged in illegal dredging that these cruelties are practiced. The master and one or two other villains whom he calls the mates run the boat and divide the profits. They belong to a hard class, who would almost rather murder a poor dredger than pay him his wages.

DANCING ROUND HIS BLAZING HOME.

Farmers and others in the vicinity of the neat home of Fred Brandes, near Terre Hill, Pa., rushed in alarm to his place to save his property from destruction by fire, but when they arrived they were startled to meet Brandes, axe in hand, defying everybody in peril of their lives to keep off his premises. His bloodshot eyes glared furiously as he danced around the flames. In his back yard was a large pile of broken furniture, which had been saturated with coal oil and which was also in flames. Everything in the house, beds, chairs, tables, and in fact all the furniture, he had smashed to pieces and piled in a heap in the yard and fired. All his wife's canned goods, preserves, dried fruits, clothing, carpets, &c., he had dragged out and thrown into the flames. Inside the house was all ablaze, and Brandes was between the two fires, allowing no one to enter.

A quarter of a mile away, cowering in the underbrush, was his wife and child. Brandes had searched for them from house to house with an axe on his shoulder, determined to kill them. Powerfully built and dangerous, no one dared to interfere with him. His property was wholly consumed, after which he took to the woods and escaped. He had suddenly become a raving maniac. Mrs. Brandes, a very respectable woman, cannot account for her husband's sudden and awful course. It is probable he has made away with himself on the mountains or will perish in the storm. He is a German, forty-five years old.

TALK ON SMUGGLING.

No More Piratical Ships and Crews—People of Wealth who Like to Cheat the Government.

The day of genuine smuggling is gone. The smuggler of the boy's romance of the sea, who sailed in a "dark, suspicious-looking craft," and had a cave hid somewhere far away, where he stored his goods and held dark conclaves at night, has passed away, and there are those who believe he never existed at all. But smuggling has not stopped. Only now they do not go in gangs and sail their own ships. They are entirely respectable people, and go in the best society. They wear fine clothes and diamonds, and are very friendly with the customs officers. The smuggling is now done mostly by fashionable people who travel by business men.

"We can never tell how much is done," said a special agent of the government to a Washington Star reporter. "I have no doubt an immense number of things are landed without duty. There is no such thing as a band of smugglers, but nearly every steamer brings over some contraband goods.

"They are generally fine laces, millinery, expensive tailor trimmings and the like. A great many business men go abroad with trunks and bring them back full of these things. They are very expensive, and many thousand dollars' worth can be brought over in a very small space. Expensive feathers, fine velvets and ribbons, lace, silk braid and trimmings of all sorts take up but little space and are subject to high duty. Sometimes smugglers get caught. We can't tell how often they don't. Jewelry is smuggled in to a great extent, particularly diamonds. Nearly all the diamonds brought to this country are smuggled. We know that a great quantity of these gems are imported, but we have never collected duty on many. Such an immense value can be carried in so small a place that it is easy to evade the customs officers. Ten thousand dollars worth of diamonds might be carried in a man's vest pocket. Who would think to search him unless he was suspected of smuggling? The customs officers can't search everybody.

"And then," he added as if he feared he was offering too much encouragement to violations of the customs, "you must not think it altogether a safe business. You might get caught when you least expected. Men who think they are perfectly safe often fall into a trap. There are people who are always ready to give information that will lead to the uncovering of a smuggler. The government was warned by an anonymous letter not long since that a certain party would sail from Europe on a certain steamer, and that if we would search him we would find diamonds. We were on the watch. He was a very gentlemanly man of fine appearance and good address. He had only the ordinary luggage; was perfectly willing that it should be searched, but was amused at the idea of being suspected of smuggling.

"The officers feel rather cheap after a fruitless search, and were apologizing for the trouble they had given him, when one of them picked up a cake of soap out of his dressing-case. There was nothing peculiar in the appearance of the soap, but when the officer handled it too roughly it broke open, and out rolled the little sparkling gems. The inside of the cake had been hollowed out and \$10,000 worth of diamonds stowed away in the cavity. Had we not been notified he would have been perfectly safe and got through as the others have done. But no man can be sure that he will not be the one to be caught. Our informers are everywhere. The government can give a reward of as much as half the value of the goods seized to the informer. This is an inducement to many people to report any cases that come under their notice. There are people constantly on the lookout on the outside, and we are notified when to look for smugglers. A great many patriotic citizens have an antipathy for smugglers, and do, as a matter of principle, report every one they find. Preachers are particularly apt to do this. The cloth is our best source of information. People frequently brag on going abroad, that when they return they will bring so and so without duty. We generally hear of this and are on the lookout. Only the other day a gentleman came to the office and informed me of parties who were going to bring over a lot of valuable things. He did it merely because he hated smuggling.

"Their fellow-passengers frequently give them away. In coming over that way, all crowded in close quarters, and away out at sea, people become more confidential than they would under ordinary circumstances, and they tell each other what they have in their trunks that will escape duty. Sometimes a man will give confidence in order to get it. He will tell how he is going to fool the customs officers, and, like 'the man with the moist eye,' get the confidence of others who want to do the same thing. Of course, he never has any contraband goods himself, and he sees that the rest don't get through the custom house. Sometimes passengers get mad with each other and turn informer out of spite. Women frequently do this. I have heard too, of information given as a practical joke, which afterward turned out seriously.

"But experienced smugglers," continued the special agent, "do not get caught thus. They are generally known as dealers, and their baggage is very closely watched, but they never make a confidant of any one. Tourists do much smuggling. They bring presents to their friends and collect ornaments and all sorts of things they can get cheap abroad, and try to slip them through without duty. Many do this without knowing that they are violating the law. They think that anything they do not intend to sell is not dutiable. With thousands of dollars' worth of things in their trunk they will swear that they have no dutiable goods. Their surprise is genuine when the goods are seized. The question what constitutes a lady's or a gentleman's wardrobe is one that bothers us much. In former years the station of the person was taken into consideration. If a very wealthy man had a dozen suits of clothes, a lot of jewelry, and all sorts of expensive toggiery, it was considered nothing more than his right. But for a man of less means to have so much made him an object of suspicion, and he was liable to arrest for smuggling. The same way with women. A rich woman in fashionable life could bring over \$100,000 worth of jewelry and dresses. Though this was logical, inasmuch as it might properly be presumed that one who could not afford to wear such expensive toggiery must be bringing it not for their own use, yet it seemed an unjust discrimination against the poor in favor of the rich, and the method had to be abolished.

"Since the Astor decision there seems to be almost no end of what may be brought over free of duty as personal effects. Mrs. Astor, you may remember

came home from Europe with enough dresses and jewelry to open a big establishment. The duty on them amounted to \$10,000. She swore that they constituted her wardrobe, and refused to pay the duty. The department insisted that they were dutiable, and the case was carried to the Supreme Court, where it was decided that they must be admitted free."

DECoyed into a Dark Room.

Officers Alfred Krantz and John F. Gustafson are stationed on North Market street, Chicago, a rough quarter, and have had occasion frequently to use their weapons in the discharge of their duties. About 2 o'clock on the morning of Nov. 8 Officer Krantz noticed a man, apparently drunk, approaching him, staggering. The officer got from him his address and helped him to the place designated, "163 Oak street, rear." He knocked at the door, when an old woman promptly opened it. Krantz turned to assist the man, when the drunkard suddenly straightened up and, seizing the officer by the throat, buried him into the house.

Krantz fell at full length, the outer door flew shut, the old woman vanished and three men with clubs and pistols sprang into the room. As he regained his feet Krantz was struck a half dozen terrible blows over the head and body. Staggering with pain the officer was still able to produce his pistol and fired without hesitation. On the instant the candle was extinguished and three heavy bodies fell to the floor.

Pistol shots began to ring from every corner. The flashes came from the level of the floor and the officer responded by directing his shots downward in the darkness. By preconcerted arrangement the men had thrown themselves upon their stomachs and were firing upward. Officer Gustafson, who was two blocks away, rushed to the scene and burst the locked door off its hinges. As he dashed in the shots ceased because the pistols were empty, and the three men made a rush for safety. Gustafson fired in the face of the first man, and he fell back as though wounded. The two officers attacked the other villains and a desperate fight ensued. Aided by several citizens the officers overpowered the would-be murderers. At the police station they gave their names as Thomas Cronin, Patrick Healey and Francis McCarthy. Officer Krantz was badly bruised and cut, while Cronin and Healey were beaten almost beyond recognition.

RUN OFF WITH SALVATION CHARLEY.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A special from Painted Post, N. Y., says: "Miss Emma Russell, the fifteen year-old daughter of David Russell, recently became enamored of Charles Higgins, better known as 'Salvation Charley,' who is a captain in the Salvation Army. Miss Russell was sent to a neighboring town by her parents, but Higgins followed her, and the two proceeded to Irvin Centre, where they were married. Higgins returned to Painted Post, and Mrs. Russell, the mother of the girl, sought him armed with a horsewhip and proceeded to belabor the gay Lothario, who shunned the punishment as quickly as possible. The father of the bride went after his child in a carriage and brought her home.

Great indignation is expressed against Higgins, who is a bright young fellow of twenty-five. His bride is a mere child."

TO DEATH HEAD FOREMOST.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Just half an hour before James G. Blaine arrived in Trenton, N. J., an old attache of the Opera House named Richard Moore, while on his way to the roof to raise a flag in honor of the occasion, fell from a ladder a distance of about twenty feet, and his head striking the floor with terrific force he died almost instantly from concussion of the brain.

Just as Mr. Blaine arrived at the building the body was being viewed by the county physician. Moore was a veteran of the Mexican War, and had occupied his position in the Opera House several years.

A MASH THAT MISSED FIRE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A Williamsburg dude the other day made a show of himself by asking a well-known married woman to meet him at the ferry house. She did so—with her child and a policeman. The dude was arrested, but through the lady's leniency he was eventually let go.

A LUCKY MAN.

Mr. Arthur H. Barnaby, who held one-fifth of the ticket numbered 61,968 which drew the second capital prize of \$25,000 in the last drawing of The Louisiana State Lottery Company, held at New Orleans, Oct. 12, is a traveling salesman of the Highland Foundry Company of this city, and lives with his wife and children in a pleasant little cottage in Everett. When found by a *Courier* reporter, Mr. Barnaby said that he had been for six or seven years a regular patron of The Louisiana State Lottery, buying usually a ticket each month, and that during this time he had now drawn no less than eight prizes. He was therefore not very much surprised when he took up an evening paper on the Saturday following the drawing, to find that his number had again been one of the lucky ones. He immediately telephoned to New Orleans, to be sure no mistake had been made by editors or printers, and on Monday morning, after a day of doubt and anxious waiting, a reply came from Mr. M. A. Dauphin, saying the number was correct. A few days later the money was delivered to him by the Adams Express Company. Mr. Barnaby is a young man possessed of much energy and perseverance, and notwithstanding this sudden windfall, intends to continue in his present business, and to work as hard and to practice the same prudence as heretofore. The \$5,000 has already been wisely and securely invested, and will ultimately be expended in the purchase of a home for himself and family. He is a firm believer in the honesty and fairness of the Lottery, in proof of which he says he intends to buy a ticket each month in the future the same as he has done in the past. "It is a very curious fact," said Mr. Barnaby, "that within the last few years four different men in the stove and furnace business in Boston have each drawn a part of a capital prize. First, there was Mr. H. N. Hatch, who drew \$15,000; then Joe Lyons, of City Point, who got \$10,000; then Mr. Holmes, of East Boston, a young man in a stove store, who drew only four months ago \$15,000, and finally there's my \$5,000, besides several other smaller amounts which I have drawn from time to time."—*Boston (Mass.) Courier*, Nov. 7.

QUITEAUED.

A Political Heeler Tries to Kill Surveyor Beattie.

DANGEROUSLY WOUNDED.

The Criminal Act of Seventy-Two-Year old Louis Bieral.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Hans S. Beattie, the first Democrat to hold the office of Surveyor of the Port of New York since Emanuel B. Hart, in Buchanan's time, was shot twice while in his private office in the Custom House by Louis Bieral, a Republican beeler, prize fighter, gambler, sport and alleged homicide. Luckily, although the shooting was done at short range with a heavy pistol, and by a man used to his weapon, it is believed no important organ was injured; but one of the Surveyor's wounds is severe. Bieral had been a customs inspector, attached to the Surveyor's staff, under the Republican regime, and had survived the reigns of Collectors Arthur, Merritt, Robertson and Hedden. He was in a fair way to pass unmolested through Collector Magone's term of office until Surveyor Beattie early in September recommended his dismissal on a charge of defrauding an immigrant girl, Marie Mertens.

Usher Storms of the Collector's department had noticed Bieral wandering about the corridors of the Custom House a good deal since his dismissal, and Storms says Bieral told him he would get square with Surveyor Beattie. Storms repeated Bieral's threats to the Surveyor. Mr. Beattie smiled and said that barking dogs never bite.

Bieral came into the corridor from the Hanover street entrance at noon and repeated his threats to Storms. A few minutes after parting from him Storms heard pistol shots in the Surveyor's office and saw Bieral rush out of Auditor Blatchford's office, which adjoins the Surveyor's, with an ugly looking pistol in his hand. Bieral ran east along the corridor and out of the Hanover street door. Instantly the Custom House was in an uproar, and the report that Surveyor Beattie had been killed brought a rush of clerks and outsiders to his office. It is on the ground floor in the southwest corner of the building. Struggling to get into the office were Collector Magone, ex-Deputy Collector Arthur Berry, Private Secretary Andrew D. Parker, the Hon. Abram S. Hewitt, ex-Gov. John T. Hoffman, and ex-Surveyor Emanuel B. Hart.

Messenger W. S. Wright of Auditor Sam Blatchford's office had gone flying after Bieral down Hanover street to Beaver and west through Beaver until he met Policeman Leroy Snyder in front of the Cotton Exchange and told him to arrest Bieral. Bieral was mild enough as he handed Snyder a huge five-chambered 44 calibre, self-cocking revolver. Snyder ran him off to the Old sly police station with a crowd of his heels.

By this time Auditor Sam Blatchford had ordered the iron doors leading from the corridor to the Surveyor's outer office closed, and had sent for James Began, a retired physician and surgeon attached to Chief Clerk Treloar's correspondence department in the Collector's office. Mr. Began found the white knobs and the white wooden panels of the folding doors leading into Mr. Beattie's private office bespattered with blood. The office is back in the very corner of the building and overlooks William street and Exchange place. The Surveyor had been assisted to one of the leather sofas, and lay there pale and suffering from shock and loss of blood. One of the huge bullets had ripped entirely through his left hand. Another had struck near the crest of the left launch bone or ilium, and plowed around to near the base of the spine. A third had crashed through the Surveyor's rosewood cylinder desk, and in a glass in the window looking out on Exchange place was a big hole through which another bullet had sped. Mr. Began, at the request of the Surveyor, who was conscious and plucky, sent for his family physician and neighbor, Dr. Alexander Buchanan, with instructions to bring with him Dr. John T. Agnew. When they came it was decided not to probe for the bullet until Mr. Beattie, who is not by any means a robust man, recovered from the shock.

TWO FEMALE HIGHWAYMEN.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The northwestern part of Oneida County is all excitement over a daring attempt at highway robbery by two women who are now under arrest. Although the affair occurred more than four weeks ago, the threats of the women succeeded in preventing a complaint until this late day.

There is no more dreary public highway in Oneida County than that which leads from Rome to Bonville, following for the most part the Black River Canal. Persons accustomed to it, perhaps do not mind its winding through forests, along ravines, over bridges and across uninhabited districts, but to strangers covers for evil disposed persons are constantly suggested. Another such adventure as that described in the following story, however, has never been had. As the story goes, Hugh Dorrity and Miss Susie Jones were riding on the highway leading from Northwestern to Hillside. It was late and very dark. When they reached a lonely spot where the roadway entered the forest the horse was suddenly halted by, as was supposed at first, two men on horseback. One of them placed a revolver at Dorrity's head, ordered him to throw up his hands and deliver up his money and valuables. Instantly he recognized the voice as that of a woman. Dorrity, telling her his name, declared that he had no money or valuables with him, and, fighting a match, he showed his face. All this time the other woman, for such the second highwayman proved to be, had stood with her horse directly across the roadway. While the match was burning Dorrity declared he got a good look at the faces of both and recognized them as Mrs. Susan Scoville and Miss Mary Jane Dunn. They told him to pass on and make no reference of what had occurred under penalty of causing him serious trouble.

It was the night of Sept. 22 on which this occurred,

and only on Friday evening were warrants placed in the hands of Deputy Sheriff Bullock for the arrest of the pair, and it is believed that the complainant all this time had been intimidated by the threats of the women. The elder and more experienced of the two, Mrs. Susan Scoville, is better known as Susan G. bbs, who tends a canal lock at Westernville. She is said to be a widow, and lives comparatively alone in a small house by the side of the lock. She is about thirty years old. Miss Dunn is only about twenty years of age. Recently she has been living with her sister, Mrs. Claffin, who is a cheesemaker at the factory a short distance north of Westernville. Deputy Sheriff Bullock had little trouble in arresting the pair at Mrs. Scoville's lonely home on the bank of the canal, although as soon as they heard that a warrant was out for their arrest they boasted that no one would dare take them into custody. They were charged before Justice Hayne with attempted highway robbery and assault in the second degree. Both pleaded not guilty. They were remanded to the care of the deputy sheriff for the night and the next morning gave bail in the sum of \$1,000 each. They will be examined soon.

Mrs. Scoville, when seen at her home by a correspondent, made light of the matter and said that she and the Dunn girl were only out on a "little lark." It was some time in the evening when they concluded to go to Hillside, a distance of about six miles, to make merry with a hotel keeper. They got two horses out of a pasture and, having no saddle, rode astride the horses' backs. To ride in this manner some changes in their apparel were necessary, but she declared they donned no garment of men's wear except hats. It was on their return, at 2 o'clock in the morning, that they "held up" Dorrity and his companion. She says that they had no idea of robbing any one.

PLENTY OF "OLLIERS."

Pretty Adventuresses Preparing for Their Winter Campaign at the Capital.

[Subject of Illustration.]

"Although the Chicago Daisy will not be free from adventures of her class this winter," said an up-town hotel clerk to a reporter of the *National Republican*. "Several other pretty blackmailers, who have operated here quietly in the past, are turning up for the winter campaign. Nearly every hotel clerk in the city knows them well, and it is hard for them to find accommodations for themselves and their alleged husbands. I had to turn one away yesterday. I have no positive proofs that she is a professional blackmailer, but she is down among the hotel 'subjects' and that is enough for me. Their business will not be so brisk this winter because it is the second session and no new members will be at hand. At the first session of Congress the adventuresses got in most of their fine work, and I believe they reap a larger harvest here than in any other city in the United States. Not because members of Congress are more given to pecadilloes than other men, but because on account of their position, which is dependent on the good opinion of their constituents, they yield more readily to blackmail than do private citizens."

"A Congressman knows that even if unfounded charges of immorality are made against him, he will fall in the estimation of his constituents and give his opponent materials for campaign lies, so he generally prefers to secure silence at any reasonable expense. Congressmen are more exposed to the designs of these women than men in private life. Almost any one, representing himself or herself as a constituent, can obtain an audience. The adventuress knows this. When she has selected her intended victim she generally goes to the Capitol, sends in a card which bears the name of some town in the Congressman's district, and requests a few minutes of his time. Of course he comes out to the waiting-room, when the blackmailer tells some pitiful story about losses sustained at the hands of the government, and asks for the introduction of a relief bill. As she is pretty and an interesting talker, the M. C. being only human, listens graciously and promises to do all in his power for her. This is but the beginning of her game. When leaving she says she will call on him again in a few days to see how matters are progressing. She does call again and frequently, sometimes at the Capitol and sometimes at the Congressman's house. All constituents do the same under similar circumstances, and he cannot snub her because she is young and pretty."

"After having interested the Congressman pretty thoroughly she makes the master move, and begs him to call on her sometimes to report the progress of her relief bill. If he falls into the trap, the rest is generally easy work. A beautiful and clever woman having drawn a man into a *tete-a-tete* in her own room can, in nine cases out of ten, lead things to the tableau upon which the injured husband breaks in. Grave old legislators may smile and say they can't be taken in by any adventuress, but I tell you if they once get as far as her rooms they can't altogether resist wine and beauty. The ending of the plot is familiar to all. Angry husband, pistols proposed, scandal threatened, bush-money demanded, M. C. hundreds out of pocket and a ruined man."

A HARVARD STUDENT'S WINE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

One of the most absurd instances of ignorant aping of English customs on record comes from Harvard, where an ambitious student sent out invitations to a "wine," having heard, it is supposed, that such festivities were the proper thing at English universities, and regaled his guests solely and uniquely upon iced sherry! Certain comments, however, were brought to his knowledge which seem to have awakened in his breast a doubt whether he had compassed the heights of the possibilities open to him in this line, and once more he issued cards for a "wine." Thirty guests assembled, and on this occasion the cheer consisted entirely of brandy. Determined to do his full duty as a host at all hazards, the ambitious student began with great deliberation drinking with each guest separately. So far below the nobility of his intention, however, was the strength of his wits, that before he got half way round the circle he was so confused his "wine" with a torchlight procession that he poured a glass of brandy upon his hair and set it on fire! The party at once resolved itself into an amateur fire brigade, with some difficulty extinguished the host, put him to bed and sent for a doctor. The incident, despite its brilliant nature and the originality displayed, cast a gloom over the festivities, and the company dispersed with very little regard to the order of going.

A SCHOOL FOR THIEVES.

An English Convict's Way of Teaching by Example
—The Fish He is Angling For.

An English ex-convict tells this story to a London *Telegraph* reporter concerning a school for thieves which he has the reputation of keeping:

"Oh, it ain't a school at all," he replied with a laugh, "and it is all nonsense calling it one. It got the name of being one a long time ago, and it has stuck to it ever since. It became known that I used to have lads up here of evenings, and I was waited on by a police inspector. 'I have come to warn you,' says he, 'that we have information that you keep a school for the instruction of young thieves. If it is so you will have to put a stop to it or you will find yourself in your old quarters.' 'All right,' says I, 'you will come and hear for yourself what it is I teach them.' 'There would be a lot of good in that,' says he; 'there would be a rather short attendance if it was known that I was to be present. Besides, if they did come, you wouldn't be such a fool as to give 'em their ordinary lessons.' 'I said,' says I, 'that you should hear for yourself, not that you should be seen, if you wouldn't mind passing an hour this evening in that back attic; there is only a thin partition between it and this one, and lots of chinks you can peer through. You can satisfy yourself, and nobody but you and me need be any wiser.' And the inspector agreed to the plan, and came and slipped into the back attic at the time mentioned, and the end stand till the entertainment was all over and the boys had gone. And then he came out, and says he: 'I shan't trouble you any further, Jerry.'

It is a rather backhanded way you have got in getting at them, but it is better than no way at all." And he civilly wished me good night, and I haven't been interfered with by the police since. And so it is what may be called a backhanded way," continued Mr. Duff, "and it isn't, pr'aps, a respectable way, and it might be objected that there is underhandedness and artfulness in it; but what odds about that so good comes of it? It isn't reading and writing that I teach them. I am far too ignorant a man for that. I tell them stories—stories of my life in the different prisons and of the crimes that got me there. That was the bait I held out to them when I first began to put the plan I had long thought of in practice. They were too young to know anything about me themselves, but they had, no doubt, heard all about me from the older hands—and there are plenty of them living about here—and they were proud of the compliment when I asked them to come up to my room, smoke a pipe, and hear me spin a yarn concerning my life and adventures. And having been in the crooked way ever since I was 18 till I last left Portland, when I was 38, you may guess, and having a good memory, I had plenty of stories to tell. But the stirring adventures and the daredevil deeds, which, of course, they liked to hear about, were only the sugar the pill was coated with.

"What I wanted them to understand without making too much of it was that for every sixpence worth of pleasure obtained by crime it always, sooner or later, meets with a pound's worth of punishment. It doesn't do to press this view of it too hard on them, or they will at once think you are gammoning. The way is to put it so that they find it out for themselves. They sometimes make their comments to that effect when I have finished a story I have been telling them. 'Well, after all, Jerry, you didn't get much of a pull. You paid pretty dear for what you did get, Jerry.' To which I reply: 'I never did get the pull, and I always paid dear for what I got. I had twenty-six years of it, and eighteen of these were spent in prison, and, after all, here I am making footstools at two-pence ha'penny each, and working fourteen hours a day to earn enough to buy me a bit of victuals and pay my lodging, and I tell you I never was half as happy in all my life.' It isn't only of my own experiences I tell them," continued Jerry, the schoolmaster.

"While I was at Dartmoor something went wrong with my insides, and I was put in the infirmary as a nurse, and was there eighteen months.

"I know lots of stories that the patients, being there sick and brought low, have told me, some of the men being the most wicked and desperate; but it was always the same tale with them when it came to the last. They are the yarncs, as they call them, they like best to hear, though perhaps you wouldn't think it. But it is a fact. The worst young reprobates will go to the play and shed tears over the affecting parts of a piece that pleases them, and go again and again to see it. I've had them pipe their eye here many a time when I've been telling them of a dying prisoner—a young fellow, perhaps—and of the tender messages sent to his mother and those at home. And, what is more to the purpose," said Jerry Duff, proudly, and with something very like tears glistening in his own eyes, "I've had many a one come creeping back here, shy and ashamed like, when the others were out of sight, and wanting to know if I knew any more stories like the last, and, if so, would mind telling him all by himself and on the quiet. I never say, 'You may depend sir. They are the fish I am angling for in my backhanded way. They are rare, but when they do bite they are worth landing.' I could do no more than agree, and, as I have already said, I shook hands with Jerry Duff, and wished him better luck with his story-telling."

A STORY ABOUT STEWART'S BODY.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A fellow named Crofton, editor of the *Sunday Post*, Washington, D. C., tells the following story of the return of the stolen remains of the late A. T. Stewart. He says he had the story from a member of the Hilton family at a dinner party. He says: "It was a couple of years anterior to that, I think my informant said, that the bones were finally ransomed." Judge Hilton persistently refused to consent to it, and at last, when Mrs. Stewart declared herself unable any longer to carry the burden of the ghastly thought that the remains of her husband were being carted around the country by a gang of thieves, she defied her lawyer's scruples and concluded negotiations.

"Mrs. Stewart gave \$25,000 instead of the \$50,000 at first demanded. The bargain was made through a lawyer who seemed to have no other briefs, and who probably got a good fraction of the 'swag.' The ghouls insisted that the money should be delivered to them on a lonely hill in Westchester county at the dead of night. Thither in accordance with their directions, a relative of Mrs. Stewart journeyed alone in a wagon, which he drove himself. At a spot in the country road which had not been designated or described the driver was suddenly halted by a masked horseman. This

mysterious messenger led him through a by-lane to the hilltop, where, after certain precautions to insure their safety, they received the \$25,000, examined it, and then dragged a bag of bones from another buggy near by and surrendered it to the keeping of the solitary traveler. Before they disappeared down one side of the hill they commanded him, on the peril of his life, to turn about and descend the other slope. He did as he was bidden and got to New York before morning.

"The next night the bones were committed to the vault under the great cathedral at Garden City, which had already been connected by a secret wire with a chain of bells sure to ring and alarm the town if it was disturbed. So now the mortal remains of the great merchant millionaire, and those of his patient, enduring,ugal and affectionate wife of sixty years rest side by side."

JOHN F. HOKER CAPTURED.

After a long and anxious hunt John Finley Hoke, bookkeeper of the *Mercantile National Bank* of Peoria, Ill., was arrested at a late hour on Nov. 4 by local Detective Kellert, of Montreal, Can., who was accompanied by Stanley and Ward, of Chicago, the two latter having been in pursuit of the absconder in Western States and Canada since May last. They often came near capturing him, but he eluded them until Kellert got on his tracks there. On arriving he engaged a room at the Balmoral hotel, but immediately changed his quarters to a high-toned boarding house on McFavis street, the most aristocratic part of the city. When his place of residence was discovered the detectives engaged rooms opposite so as to keep him under surveillance until they could ascertain if he had the money he had robbed the bank of, which is stated in the warrant to be \$118,000. He is also charged with forgery, and Crown Prosecutor Davidson, Q. C., has been instructed to make application for his extradition. He transferred, while at Niagara, some real estate to directors of the bank, which realized \$30,000. The prisoner telegraphed to his wife to come on, and she is said to have a considerable amount of the stolen money, it is thought she will surrender some of it as a compromise to get her husband released. Hoke was engaged in speculating in wheat and lost heavily. Until two directors of the bank, who were telegraphed for, arrive the prisoner will not be arraigned in court. When Hoke engaged the room in the hotel he registered under the assumed name of Hill.

MORMONS ROUGHLY HANDLED.

An exciting time was had down at Lambeth's kiln, near Eckville, Pa., Tuesday week. A number of farmers knew that there were two men, strangers in the place, operating among the young women of the neighborhood, frequenting the gatherings of Sunday schools, and ingratiating themselves among the single women, and the farmers determined to drive them out of the neighborhood. The elder of the two—Brother Ettig, as he was called—was seen emerging from Gray's meadow with young Lena Ettleberger, whom he was inducing to join a Mormon colony. Ettig was seized and dragged to the lime sheds and rolled in a bin of white lime dust and started on a run through the woods. Basing, the other suspected man, was also seized and ducked in a creek and cowdied, and started through the woods in the direction Ettig had taken. It appears that there was a concerted plan, according to which a number of deluded young women should all be ready to start West on a given day to join a Mormon settlement. At least a dozen young women have had their heads turned by all sorts of promises made by these fellows, and for a time it was difficult to secure hired female help in that region.

SCARED BY A FEMALE SPRITE.

[Subject of Illustration.] John Murray, a native carpenter, who lives with his wife in a small tenement on State street, Sandwich, Mass., has been unable to sleep at late on account of a female ghost that comes creeping into his room *en déshabillé* at midnight, breaking down the door when fastened and rolling the house with a high hand. For the first two or three nights Murray and his wife tried to quell the visitor by firing soup dishes and pots at her, but all the missiles went straight through the apparition without leaving a scar. Mrs. Murray has left home to return no more. The night of Oct. 28, Murray invited a few of his fellow workmen to come and pass the night with him. Just before midnight they heard a noise on the stairs, and when Murray went to the door to admit his visitor he was knocked down, whereupon all the men left the house in a hurry. Murray has moved out.

MURDEROUS ASSAULT BY A WOMAN.

[Subject of Illustration.] Rev. Jasper L. Douthit is editor of *Our Best Words*, a religious and prohibition periodical of Shelbyville, Ill. He has been for some time bitterly fighting the liquor element, and has made many enemies, some of whom have threatened his life and property. Having been warned, Mr. Douthit has been on his guard, and this week offered a reward for the apprehension of the guilty parties. October 20 Mrs. Day, the wife of a worthless fellow living near the Douthit residence, went there and made a murderous assault with a carving fork upon Mrs. Douthit, declaring she would kill her. After a prolonged struggle on the part of Mrs. Douthit, assisted by her daughter, the woman was overpowered and controlled until other assistance arrived. The woman is playing the insanity role, but many think she is the hireling of others more guilty.

CHARGES AGAINST A PRISON OFFICIAL.

Sam Payton, a convict recently released from the State Prison, Jackson, Mich., has made charges against Dr. W. Palmer, the prison physician. Payton was Palmer's secretary, and it is alleged by him that Palmer had been polluting his office by taking bribes from convicts, and assisting in getting some released by pronouncing them hopelessly ill and procuring pardons. It is charged, also, that able-bodied convicts were kept in the hospital when not ill. Palmer has been suspended, pending an investigation. No criminal charges will be preferred against Palmer until a rigorous examination is made. The scandal produced a profound sensation, as Palmer is a prominent local politician and leader in School Board District No. 17. Dr. Palmer was interviewed, and he said that all he asks is a thorough investigation. The doctor was very much shocked by the charge, and is sick abed.



TO DEATH HEAD FOREMOST.

THE FRIGHTFUL FATE WHICH BEFELL VETERAN RICHARD MOORE, AT TRENTON,
NEW JERSEY.



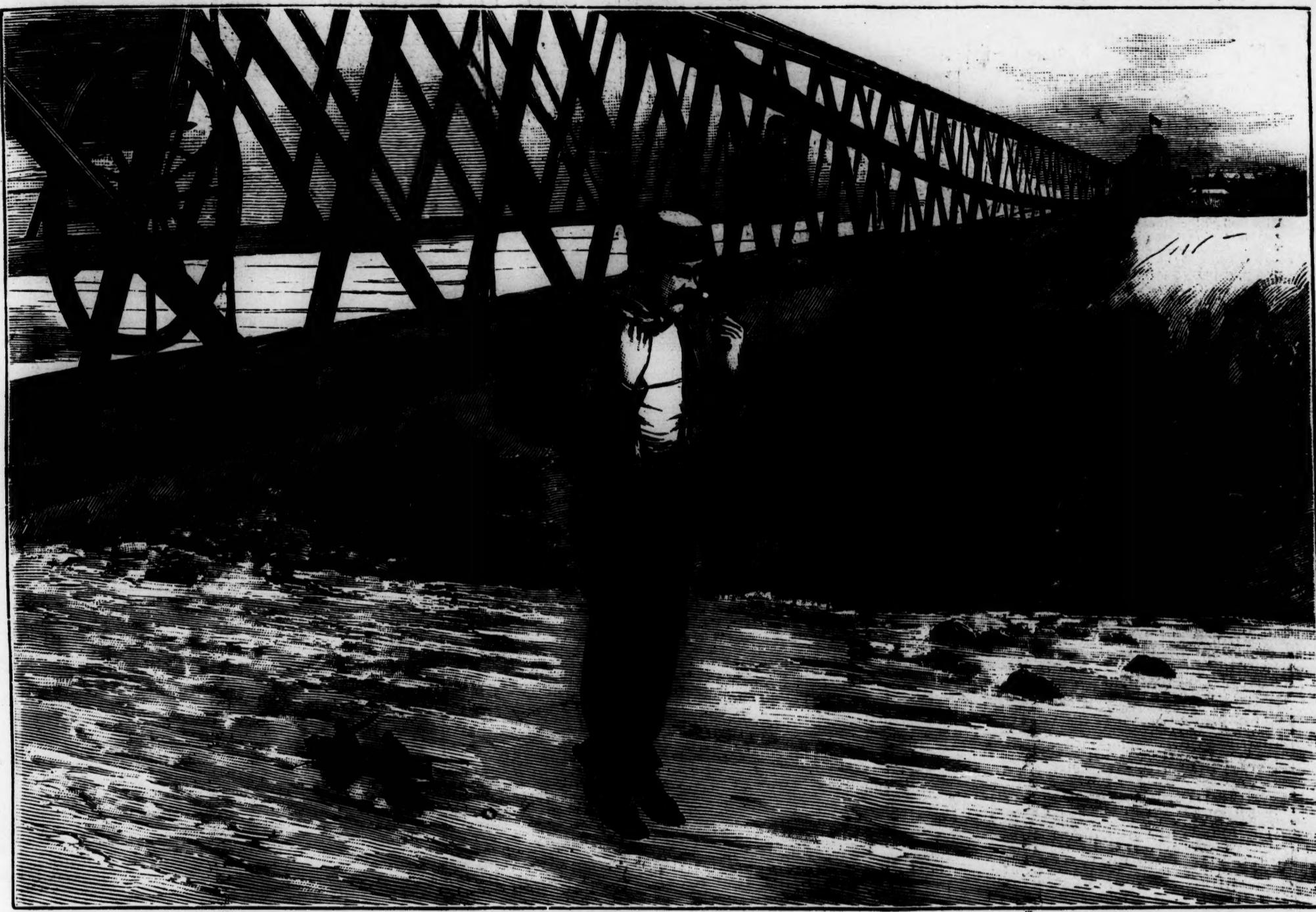
A MASH THAT MISSED FIRE.

HOW A BROOKLYN, E. D., DUDE MADE AN APPOINTMENT WITH A MARRIED WOMAN
AND WAS INTRODUCED TO HER CHILD AND A POLICEMAN.



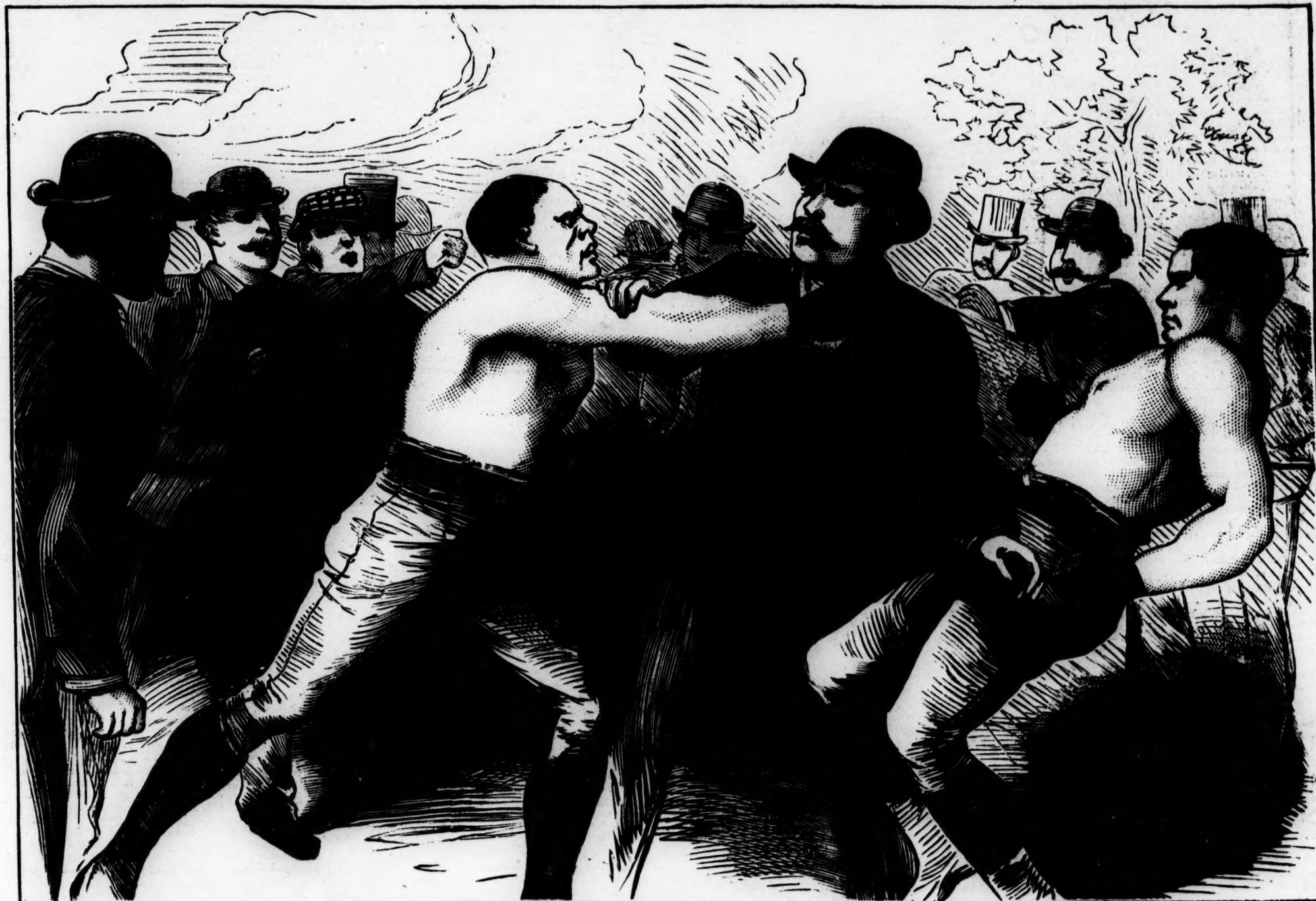
HOW THEY WORK IT.

THE INGENIOUS PROCESS BY WHICH THE GREAT AMERICAN FEMALE LOBBYIST GETS A DEADLY HOLD OF THE UNSUSPECTING RURAL MEMBER OF CONGRESS.



DONOVAN'S DROP.

HIGH-LEAPING LAURENCE MAKES A LIGHTNING DESCENT FROM THE TWO-HUNDRED-FEET LOFTY SUSPENSION BRIDGE, AT NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.



A PAIR OF GAME BANTAMS.

TOMMY WARREN AND PAT. O'LEARY, THE FEATHER-WEIGHT PUGILISTS, HAVE A MERRY MILL AT MULDRAUGH STATION, NEAR LOUISVILLE, KY.

THE REFEREE.

His Thoughts, Opinions and Expressions on Matters of Sporting Interest.

The action of the judges in ruling Meany and Pat Lynch off the track at Washington races on Oct. 25, was a feather in the judges' cap.

It was claimed they pulled Disturbance and Rushbrook and telegraphed to New York that Wellington would win the race.

I have recently noticed a large number of horses running in steeplechases whose performances were at times irreconcilable with any theory except that of their being pulled.

This evil is growing to a lamentable extent, and if prompt action be not taken for its suppression I have no doubt in saying that the turf will soon become an institution with which no honest man will remain identified. Steeplechasing will certainly cease to be the pastime of gentlemen.

This is strong language, and it is with the sincerest regret that I apply it to any branch of racing. I would wish if I could to hide the unwelcome story, but I feel that the time has come when silence on my part would be a culpable aequiescence in and a condoning of a public scandal.

That the evil of which I complain has grown to a hideous magnitude, I am fully convinced; in fact, I have taken pains to satisfy myself of its existence since its presence was once forced upon me, and under these circumstances what could I do but all attention to its corroding influence on a pastime which I still hold should be worthy of the patronage of honorable men.

Heretofore when a horse was pulled, an attempt was made to have the pulling done secretly. Now all desire to conceal the nefarious practice seems to have vanished, and I am not quite sure that I am going too far in asserting that there are some who glory in the pulling of their horses. This is, perhaps, the worst feature in this deplorable iniquity.

It is a boastful parade of vice which shows that a low stratum of degradation has been reached. While there was shame there was hope that the master would right itself, but now I am sure there is nothing but punishment can grapple with the existing crime.

I think it is hardly fair for a crusade to be made against amateur athletes, and bogus charges made that they are professionals as soon as they become proficient and are able to beat all competitors.

L. E. Myers was made to suffer time and again through the jealousy of members of rival clubs, merely because he could outrun their champions. Now Malcolm W. Ford, one of the greatest amateurs in America, is charged with being a professional.

If Ford is disqualified from again entering amateur competitions, another physical wonder will be driven from the amateur ranks like Myers, merely because he excels all others in several branches of athletics.

Malcolm W. Ford is a resident of Brooklyn, N. Y., is twenty-four years old, 5 feet 6 1/2 inches tall, and weighs about 145 pounds.

His standing jump, without weights, in which he cleared 10 feet 9 1/2 inches, has never been approached by an amateur. His feet of clearing 34 feet 4 1/2 inches in three standing jumps is also the best on record in the world for an amateur. In vaulting with one hand on a bar he has cleared 5 feet 3 1/2 inches, a feat never equaled.

In a recent competition to decide the "all round" athletic championship of America, Ford carried off the honors for the second time against a field of acknowledged ability.

He ran 100 yards in 10 2/5 seconds; a quarter of a mile in 54 1/5 seconds; 120 yards, over ten hurdles, 3 feet 6 inches high, in just over 17 2/5 seconds; threw a 56-pound weight 19 feet 4 1/2 inches; cleared 6 feet 5 1/2 inches in a high jump; put a 16-pound shot from the shoulder 36 feet 7 1/2 inches; vaulted with a pole 9 feet 3 inches; threw a 16-pound hammer 76 feet 3 inches; and cleared 20 feet 10 inches in the broad jump.

The competition was decided by allowing five points to the winner of a single event, three points to second man and one point to third man.

Mr. Ford secured 41 points in nine competitions, and being assured of the championship did not compete in the two other events.

I was not surprised to learn that during the pigeon tournament given by Al Bandic, at Cincinnati, Officer Herren, of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, placed Bandic under arrest for shooting live pigeons.

I expected, when I learned that such a tournament was to be held, that there would be trouble, for the shooting of live birds from traps in Ohio is a violation of a harsh law. Section 6.951 of the laws of Ohio is as follows:

"Whoever overdrives, overloads, tortures, torments, deprives of necessary sustenance, or unnecessarily or cruelly beats, or needlessly mutilates or kills any animal, etc., shall be fined not more than \$200 nor less than \$5 or imprisoned not more than sixty days or both."

Since the arrest of Al. Bandic by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the master of live bird shooting has been very earnestly discussed by Cincinnati sportsmen, and the majority of them, I think, sanction the S. P. C. A. in preventing the useless killing of pigeons for money making.

I have heard of many queer contests, such as a pig and a dog fighting, a badger and a bulldog, but a contest between a lizard and an alligator is something rare and novel.

In the building occupied by the Fish Commission at Washington, there was a desperate battle recently fought by a gila (pronounced heila) monster from the Gila river in Arizona, the only species of lizard whose bite is known to be poisonous, and the victim was a two-year-old alligator from Florida. The monster is about 16 inches long and about twice the weight of his antagonist. Both reptiles were in a semi-tropic condition, having ceased to take food a week or two ago; and for some purpose they had been removed from their glass cases, and placed beside each other upon the stone floor. An attendant inadvertently touched the alligator's tail and caused him to move slightly toward a few inches, when he came in contact with the blunt nose of the monster.

The snaky eyes of the latter lighted up with a gleam of satanic malice; its black lips opened wide and its jaws closed with a snap upon the fore paw of the alligator. The prisoner developed unexpected activity, and, though taken at a sad disadvantage, made for a time a gallant fight for its liberty and its life. Its movements were marvelously quick, and its jaws closed a dozen times in succession upon the mailed head of the assailant. It soon, however, became exhausted, and, moaning like a suffering child, it relapsed into quietude.

The attendants sought by a variety of means to release the wretched alligator, but were compelled, as may be supposed, to be very careful in handling the venomous "monster."

He was seized by the tail and held up in the air, taken by the bloated neck and choked severely; plunged under water and maltreated in other ways, but to no purpose. Then sharp wires were thrust into his nose, and finally a large trowel was forced into his mouth, but such was the force of his grip that the steel blade, though considerably bent in the effort, failed to release the imprisoned paw.

Then the pair were replaced in the glass case which had been occupied by the monster, and again the alligator renewed its struggles, thrashing its enemy with its tail and snapping at it with its jaws. In its struggles it had dislocated its shoulder, and its imprisoned limb became limp and powerless. Its moanings were pitiful, and the attendants were moved to renew, and, at last, successful efforts to effect a separation. The trowel was reintroduced into the monster's mouth with no very gentle thrusts, and probably inflicted a severe wound in some tender part.

Bubbles of greenish slime were exuded from mouth and nostrils, and finally the jaws slowly opened. Even then it was a work of several minutes to disengage the hooked fangs from the wounded paw. The combatants were placed in their separate receptacles, the monster lapping his thick black lips with his greenish, forked tongue, while the alligator closed its eyes, probably to die of the venom in its system.

I have time and again read statements made by turf scribes that Harry Bassett was not a first-class racehorse.

It is my opinion that the turf scribes that would pen such statements to paper must either be amateurs on the turf or else totally ignorant of the great race horse that ran the great race at Monmouth Park when John C. Heenan, Harry Genet, etc., backed him with thousands to beat the great Southern horse Long fellow.

The redoubtable Harry Bassett, one of the best racehorses the world has ever known, brought only \$315 as a yearling, yet he vanquished all the great racers of his era, and won \$50,000 in stakes and purses.

Glenmore cost only \$175 as a yearling, and won \$35,000 on the turf. Bramble cost \$450, and won \$32,000 during his career as a racehorse, and sold for \$5,000 as a stallion when he was six.

Vigil cost \$210 as a yearling, yet he won \$25,750 in stakes as a 3-year-old alone, and sold with another horse for \$25,000.

Tom Ochiltree brought only \$500 as a yearling, and sold for \$7,000 at the end of his 3d year, after he had won \$10,500, and the next year he won \$22,500.

Parole brought \$750 as a yearling and won \$83,000. Fox sold for \$650 as a yearling and won \$83,125.

Luke Blackburn brought only \$510 and won \$49,455. Glenda brought only \$300 as a yearling; Sly Dance, \$603; Bancroft, \$175; Boatman, \$300; yet these four won some \$60,000 in prizes. Bramble brought only \$600 and won \$20,265. Bootjack brought only \$300 and won \$43,965. Ripple actually brought only \$60, and yet he won \$8,050, and was second only to Hindoo as a three-year-old. Feride brought only \$312 and won \$25,000 in stakes. Wallenstein sold for \$605 as a yearling, and a year later was disposed of for \$9,000. Springbok brought only \$430 as a yearling. He sold at two for \$2,500 and was the champion of his era, winning \$19,750 in stakes.

These figures speak of what has been accomplished by the purchase of moderately-priced yearlings of former years.

Now let us note those of the past few seasons whose racing exploits are more fresh in the minds of our readers.

Mr. Bryant purchased Gen. Harding, by Great Tom, for \$50. The colt won \$16,635 as a two-year-old, and Bryant refused \$15,000 for him. Col. Bruce paid only \$300 for Tyrant, and sold him eight months later for \$5,000, and the colt won \$11,110 in stakes last season. Col. Bruce paid only \$280 for Economy and sold her for \$2,500, we believe, at two. Tom Martin, by Longfellow, cost Mr. Fox only \$75 as a yearling, and he has won some \$18,000. Modeste cost \$225 as a yearling, and she has won some \$40,475.

Her mate, Lizzie Dwyer, cost Mr. Corrigan only \$425 at the Woodburn yearling sale, and she has won \$20,670 in stakes. Mr. Corrigan, likewise, got Irish Pat cheap enough as a yearling for \$300, and last year the colt won \$14,915. The Billet filly, Wanita, who won \$7,205 as a two-year-old, cost only \$375. As a yearling Linton cost only \$380, and Mittie B. \$300. Decoy Duck cost Mr. Farrar \$200 as a yearling, and as a two-year-old he refused \$12,000 for her.

He paid only \$300 for Teles Doe, who has won twenty times that much. Mr. Williams paid for Bob Miles, as a yearling, only \$600, and the horse has won \$25,025.

I have already alluded to Tyrant; but take some of the other three-year-olds of last season. Mr. Fate bought Editor for \$400 as a yearling, and he has won \$10,000. Favor cost \$470 as a yearling, is said to have been sold for \$12,000 at three, and has won 17,600 in stakes.

Mr. Williams paid only \$985 for Joe Cotton, but he was as cheap as dirt, for he has won \$22,000 in stakes and a fortune in bets.

Of last season's two-year-olds I need only mention that the invincible Bankrupt cost, as a yearling, only \$400, and Bigonet sold for \$200, and "squandered" colts and fillies which sold for nearly ten times as much.

I think, owing to the lowering of records by bicycle riders and the fact that so many are about equal in speed at various distances, that it will be necessary in the near future to the riders to be all classified the same as trotters.

The amateurs want it, the professionals are anxious for it, and every one may feel assured that the pulse of the clubs beats in that direction. The number of wheelmen that have beaten 3 minutes, and even 2 minutes 50 seconds, in amateur circles, is very large, indeed, and the racing fever will develop to a much greater extent next season, when riders will be put into classes where they will have a chance to win a prize.

The young rider now has no chance against Foster, Rich, DeBilo, Crist, and Gaskill. Put him in the class where he belongs, and he will be encouraged, and his class will develop and increase. The result will be to a great stimulus to racing. So, too, in the professional classes. There is no fun or excitement in seeing Rose, Woodside, and Hendee win every race in which they enter. If the other men were put in a contest where the result would not be foreshadowed, masters would be far more successful and satisfactory.

With handicaps, class and limit races, the season of 1887 will open full of promise. Results have shown, however, how leniently the handicapper dealt with Rose in almost every race. The scratch man should not be overburdened; he should have at least a fair chance to win. But away with that class of races, unsatisfactory to spectator and rider alike, the lap races, where the winner gets left as often as he gets a prize.

This system has worked no more satisfactorily this season at its inception. The only way out of the difficulty would be to give a prize to both the winner and the one capturing the most laps. The races of next season, excluding, as they will, the name of promotor, will furnish larger prizes and better incentives for professionals, though the money will be competed for by more riders than in the past.

One of the sensations in the 72-hour pedestrian race at Boston was Guerero, the dark-skin Mexican from the Pacific Slope. On the first day he ran and walked round the track, which was 14 laps to the mile, against twenty contestants and covered 85 miles 4 laps in 12 hours. The best previous record for 12 hours was 80 miles 800 yards, made by George Littlewood, at Westminster, Eng., on Nov. 24, 1884.

The attendants sought by a variety of means to release the wretched alligator, but were compelled, as may be supposed, to be very careful in handling the venomous "monster."

LATEST SPORTING.

Porter Ashe has left for California with his string of racers.

Fitzpatrick will ride for the Fairfax stables next season.

It is said that Sheppard, of Yale, will soon attempt to lower the 220-yard running record.

Duffy, of Michigan University, is credited with the best football punt on record, 168 feet 7 1/4 inches.

The faculty at Trinity has forbidden the football eleven to play with Yale, Princeton or Wesleyan.

Beck, formerly of the Yale football eleven, is playing with the eleven of the University of Pennsylvania.

After Jack Dempsey meets Jack Burke he is coming on to this city with his wife, when he will probably go into business.

Thompson and Greene, well-known on the Pacific Coast, ran 125 yards at San Francisco, Oct. 10, the former winning by three yards in 13 1/2 seconds.

James Murphy, who so successfully trained the Hagen string this season is said to have been offered \$12,500 by Mr. Hagen for his services next season.

Lord Lansdale, who accompanied Violet Cameron to this country, and has since returned to England, has won over 50 silver cups and other trophies as an athlete.

North Brookfield's Batchelder hook and ladder company has covered the forfeit money of \$100 deposited by the company of Westboro to bind the match made at Worcester.

The champion Canadian football team is to visit New York and play a game against a combined team picked from the different American football associations about Thanksgiving time.

George Littlewood has challenged Charles Rowell to a six-day go-as-you-please race, to occur in London, Eng., ten weeks from signing articles, for \$600 a side. He agrees to leave the race open to all comers.

At Montreal, on Oct. 30, a championship quoit match for the champion gold medal took place between the Montreal (champions) and Ormskirk clubs. Montreal retained the championship by 16 shots to 61.

Thomas F. Delaney and an unknown ran one mile at Morrisania, N. Y., on Nov. 1, for \$250 a side. Delaney won by 5 yards in 2 minutes 28 seconds. It was reported that the unknown was John Kaine, of Ottawa, Can.

Mamie Wood, 2:27 1/4, completely knocked out Nut-breaker's two-year-old record of 2:28 at the recent State Breeders' meeting at Rochester. Mamie Wood is by Wood's Hambletonian; dam Mary Ann (dam of Chester F., 2:28 1/4), by Magnolia.

Recently in a wrestling match at Cleveland Duncan Rose threw Lucifer Maro Cristol so hard that he broke two of his ribs. Rose is a wonderful athlete, possesses great strength, and he is not afraid to meet any athlete in the arena in a wrestling bout.

La Sylphide is credited with lowering the mile and a quarter record at the recent Lexington meeting. With 96 pounds up she ran the distance in 2:07 1/4. This equals the record, but does not beat it. Binette, with 101 pounds up, ran the distance in the same time at the summer meeting at Washington Park, Chicago.

A two-year-old pacing filly belonging to the Brier Hill Stock Farm, near Lexington, Ky., is credited with having created a decided sensation recently. With only a few weeks' handling she is said to have paced a quarter-mile in 36 seconds. The filly is by Forrest Glenoe, son of Edwin Forrest, dam by American Clay.

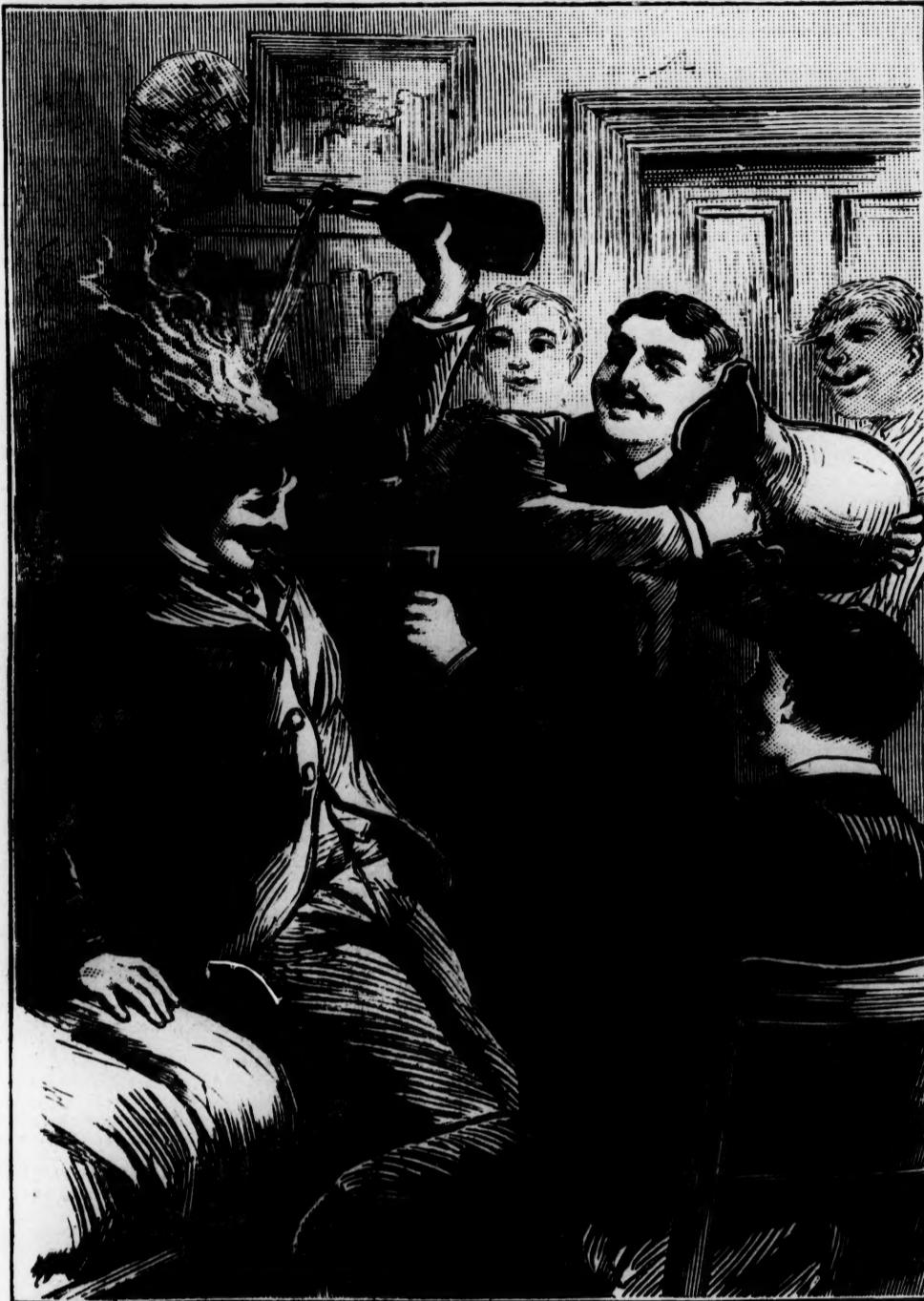
A phenomenal deed has been accomplished in England by the famous trotting horse Juggler. He was matched by John Cooper at odds of £100 to £60 to trot 10 miles in 30 minutes. The match took place on Tuesday, when Juggler won by some seconds to spare. It will be remembered that on a previous occasion he failed by 3 seconds, but the latter performance is an evidence of the judgment of Cooper in laying such odds on the performance of the flat.

There was a desperate dog fight fought in a barn in Newton, Mass., on Nov. 3, between the 38-pound white bulldog Sharper, of Providence, and the 30-pound Boston dog Meely, 125 pounds being present. Sharper for the first ten minutes had the best of the battle, but his hold was then broken. After the usual resting spell the fight was renewed. Meely assuming the aggressive, and after a savage fight the latter dragged his opponent about the pit and would a mouse. Over \$600 changed hands. A new match is to be fought at an early date.

Recently the Emerald Horse Company, of Cortland, N. Y., in a contest with the J. D. Servis running team of Amsterdam, for a purse of \$600 and the championship of the State were successful in winning, time, 41 1/2 seconds. The race was from standing start running 14 men each weighing 400 pounds strip, ran 200 yards to hydrant, remove cap of hydrant, lay 100 yards of hose, break coupling three thread, put pipe on 3 thread, carrying 300 feet of hose 6 inches. Runners all regular members of company. This time is the best on record under above conditions.

On Nov. 2, Yale University again showed that as football experts few can touch them. The strong eleven of the Crescent Athletic Club were easily whitewashed by the agile collegians after a gallant struggle. Fully twelve hundred people looked on at the contest and evinced the greatest interest in the game. During the first half Burke had his lip cut and one or two teeth knocked out, and Robinson took his place in Yale's rush line. In the second half Edwards made a fine run for the Crescents and had nearly got into touch when a tackle by one of Yale's half backs tore his knickerbockers to rags, and he had to retire and change. This was the nearest approach to a touchdown that the Crescents made. After Morrison had touched down and Watkinson had kicked the goal—6 points—the Crescents had to touch down twice for safety—4 points. Then Gill and Beecher touched down, goals being kicked in both instances by Watkinson—12 points. Touchdowns by Morrison and Corwin only scored 8 points, the tries being failures. A safety—2 points—and a goal kicked from the field by Watkinson—5 points finished what was quite an interesting contest, Yale winning by a clean score of 82 to 0. The teams were made up as follows:

Yale University—Rushers—Corwin (captain), Burke, Woodruff, Corbin, Carter, Gill and Wallace. Quarter back—Beecher. Half backs—Watkinson and Morrison. Full back—Bull.



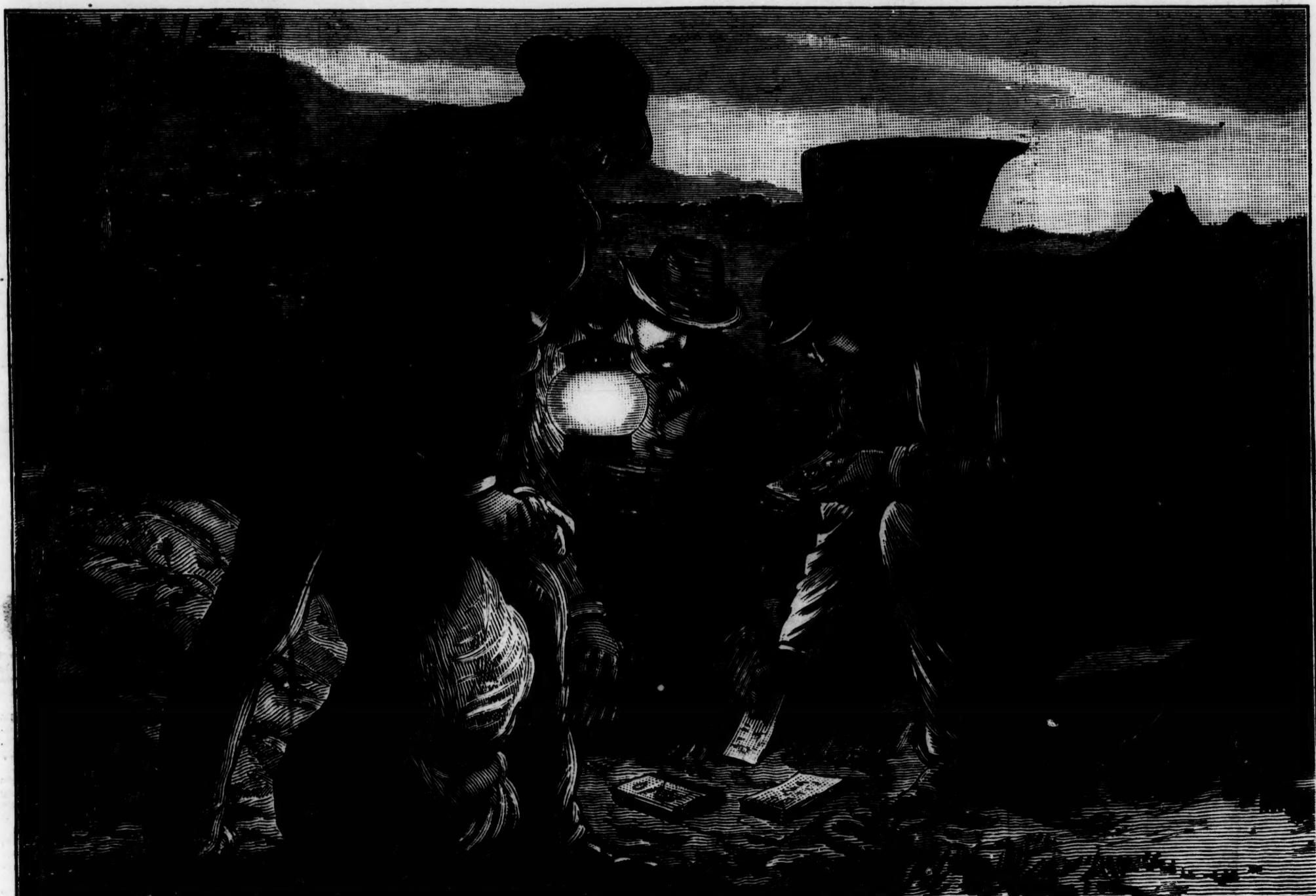
"IT'S ENGLISH, YOU KNOW!"

HOW A YOUNG IDIOT AT HARVARD UNIVERSITY TRIED, BUT FAILED, TO IMITATE
A HOXFORD WINE PARTY.



'WAS SHE A CRANK?

THE MURDEROUS ASSAULT MADE ON A PROHIBITION FANATIC AND TEMPERANCE
EDITOR BY MRS. JOHN DAY OF SHELBYVILLE, ILL.



SAVING THE STIFF.

NOW, ACCORDING TO A WASHINGTON JOURNALIST, THE REMAINS OF A. T. STEWART WERE RESCUED FROM THE GOULS WHO ORIGINALLY
STOLE THEM.



CAPTAIN JOHN GULLY,

THE GALLANT LIFE SAVING COMMANDER OF THE SANDY HOOK TUG, B. T. HAVILAND.



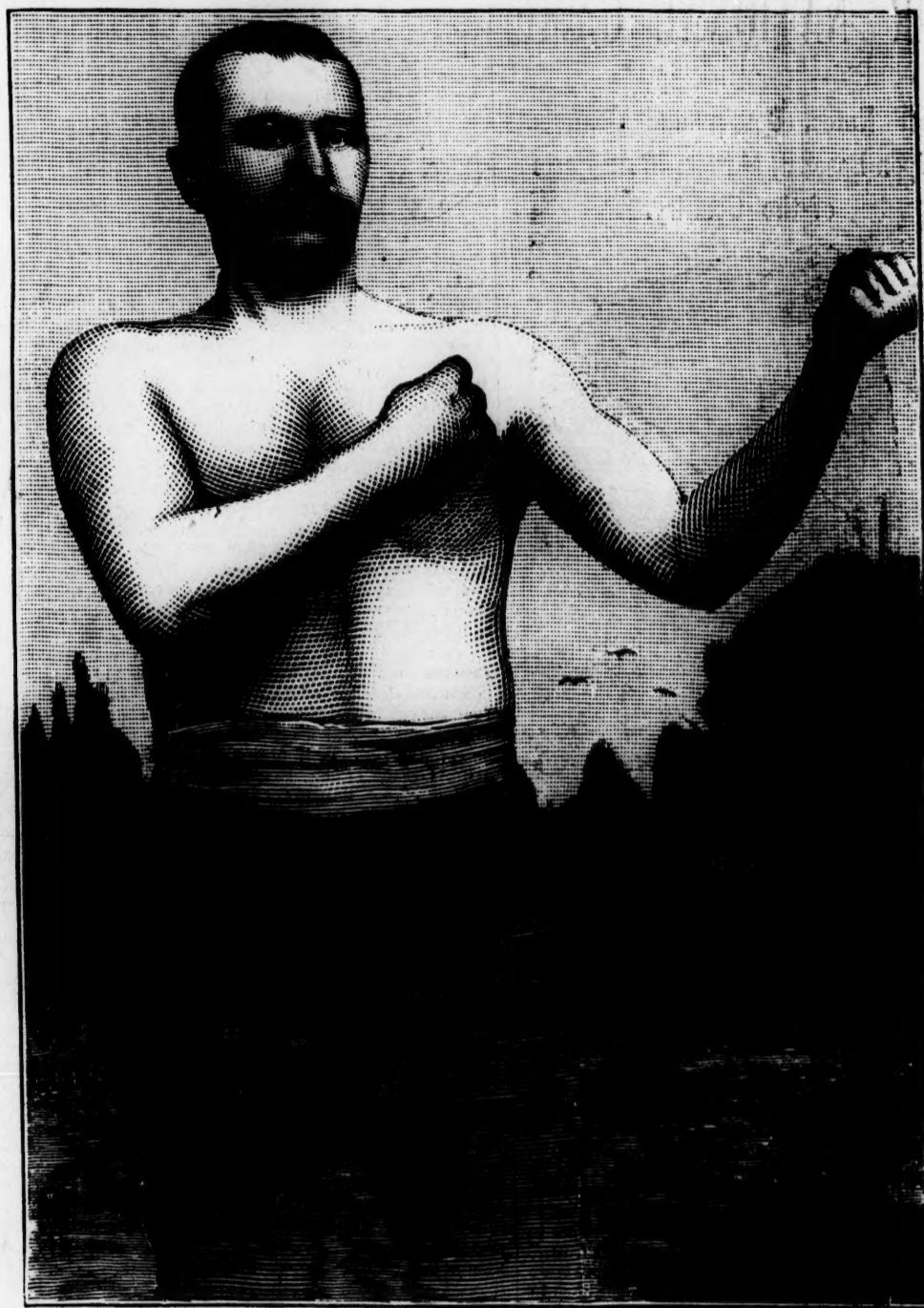
TWO FAMOUS RUNNERS,

PERRY WILCOX, AND HENRY BURMAN CHAMPION RUNNERS OF FREMONT, NE. BRASCA, AND MEMBERS OF THE CLEVELAND HOSE TEAM.



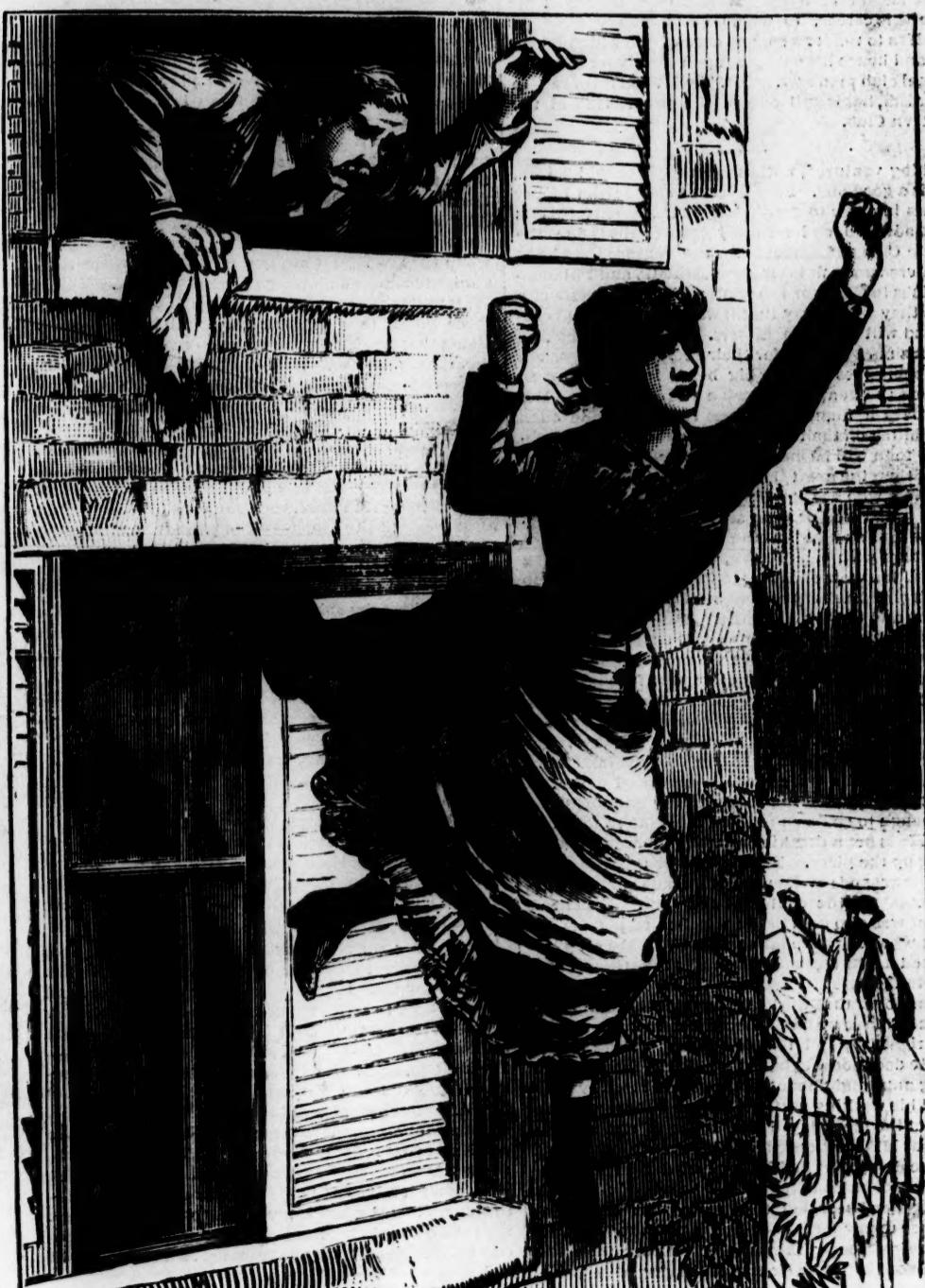
AN EXCITING CONTEST.

THE RACE WHICH RECENTLY TOOK PLACE AT CALGARY, NORTHWEST TERRITORY, BETWEEN WHITE MEN AND INDIAN RUNNERS.



JOHN JOYCE,

THE HEAVY-WEIGHT PUGILIST OF LEETONIA, OHIO.



A CLOTHES ESCAPE.

HOW LIQUOR CRAZED MARY E. NEAGLE OF BRIGHTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS., WAS PRESERVED FROM INSTANT DEATH,

OUR NATIONAL GAME.

Latest Notes, Gossip and Comments
Upon Baseball Matters in All Parts
of the Country.



George Taylor.

The first manager of the Brooklyn Baseball Association, which concluded its inaugural field season on October, 1885, was this gentleman, who left the night editorial chair of a New York daily for the open air occupation incident to baseball management. The successful termination of the club's season, ending as it did with championship honors in the Inter-State Association, afforded ample evidence of the executive ability of the management, especially in view of the fact that the club had to encounter all the drawbacks of an inaugural year, and with but a limited command of material for its team. The fact that the management of the Brooklyn Club has made itself the most popular in the professional fraternity, alike with club managers and with players, shows that the club has been run on "business principals" in every respect; and in that has profit been found, for in seeking to act in the most upright manner in the club dealings with the public and with the fraternity they naturally promote their own financial interests. Mr. Taylor was born in New York city, Nov. 22, 1852. He was educated in the public schools up to 1866, and, after three years of academic instructions, entered St. Francis Xavier's College, from which he graduated in 1875 with the B. A. degree, and a year afterward was awarded the degree of Master of Arts. It was then he began his journalistic career, to which he so closely confined himself as to render a change necessary for his health's sake, and hence his entrance upon the career of a professional club manager. Mr. Taylor has returned to journalism, but is still one of the proprietors of the Brooklyn Club.

Nothing ventured, nothing gained, is an old adage, but it is a good one. People have to take risks in any business in order to get ahead. Business enterprise is always admired, and certainly great credit is due the Athletic Club management for the venture they have just entered upon in taking the Athletic, and Philadelphia clubs to Cuba for the winter. If the scheme is a failure they will all say that it was a foolhardy adventure, and will condemn Messrs. Mason, Sharsig and Simmons most bitterly for their shortsightedness, and pride themselves for their big heads in not being so reckless as to venture on such a disastrous tour. But if it proves a financial success the very same men will be biting off their noses to spite their faces. Probably no man will be more thoroughly disgusted with himself than the great Manager Mutrie, of the New York Club, who has had this Cuban scheme in his head for the past three or four seasons, and last spring, when he had an idea that the New Yorks would win the pennant with hands down, he planned a Southern trip, with the view of taking in Cuba. His idea was to take the club standing next nearest to the New Yorks with him and to play exhibition games in all of the Southern towns and to take in Cuba and return by the way of New Orleans. As everybody knows, the New Yorks were horses' rosettes in the League championship race, and in consequence thereof Manager Mutrie bottled his contemplated trip until some other year. His bottling, however, did not work, and to his great chagrin the Athletic management showed a trifle more energy and stole the march on the slumbering James. Lew Simmons had head enough to go down to Cuba and take in the situation. He is not a drinking man and he was not slow in sizing up the place. Before leaving the Island he leased the grounds at Havana and made complete arrangements for the contemplated tour. Excellent judgment was also used in the selection of players, as the men who they have taken with them are all players of good habits and men who will prove themselves a credit to the baseball arena.—Mike Kelly is in a bad humor over that world's championship series between the Chicago and St. Louis Browns. It did not end the right way and to tell the truth Mike is real mad. He does nothing but shoot off his mouth from morning until night about chumps and monkey business and his working until his tongue hung out while the rest of the men played like a lot of stuffs. The fact is that Mike not only lost the chance of getting \$200 in the divvy, but had \$375 deducted from his salary by President Spalding in the shape of fines. It was pretty good beer, but that seems like an outrageous price to pay for it.—Big, good-natured McCormick is now seriously thinking of retiring from the arena on account, as he claims, of having been taken in and done by the tricky Spalding. McCormick's salary was to have been three thousand dollars, but in order to evade the salary limit rule the agreement was that he could sign a two thousand dollar contract and that he was to receive the other thousand in the shape of presents for meritorious services from time to time during the

season. Evidently McCormick did not do any meritorious work for he never saw hide nor hair of the extra thousand dollars. In fact he did not even get his two thousand, as Spalding deducted \$375 from his pay in fines, which left Mac but \$1,625 for his season's work. Strange as it may seem he feels a trifle sore as he feels that the \$1,375 he was skinned out of would have kept him from eating snowballs this winter.—

Who is this man Fulton who writes for a Philadelphia paper? He is certainly a great friend of the Brooklyn Club, and especially of Mr. Charley Byrne, whom he takes excellent care of. In fact it would be difficult matter for Mr. Byrne to blow his own horn any better than Fulton is doing for him. It would probably be unkind to say or even intimate that Mr. Byrne and Fulton are one and the same person, as that would be giving Mr. Byrne a pretty black eye. No, no, we won't say that, it is too cruel. We will only say it looks that way and sounds that way.—Phenomenal Smith, blind as a bat, has signed a regular American Association contract with the Baltimore Club. Burns will no doubt follow suit, as he has already said that he will play in Baltimore or not at all. It is our opinion that he will play in New York or not at all. There will certainly be a big fight in the spring between the New York and Baltimore clubs over these men and Mr. Day says he will enjoin them in every State in the Union if they attempt to play with the Baltimore. We will doubtless have a pretty lively time next season when they commence playing baseball in the Court rooms.—The League feel their superiority over the Association, but, nevertheless, the latter organization is composed of practical men and the haughty Leaguers are compelled to fall in line and finally adopt the changes made from time to time by the younger organizations.—Poor Taylor is now dubbed "his slumbers." He has retired from the baseball arena and is going to go in business for himself in Philadelphia.—It is thought that either the Pittsburg or Cincinnati club will jump the Association and take the place of the Kansas City club in the League.—Burns is still monkeying around with the Newark club trying to work his reinstatement, but the Newark are on the make and they are holding off for more money.—Barnie feels confident that he will get there next season.—Portland got off easy this year as through the able management of Harry Spencer they only came out one hundred dollars behind on the entire season.—If there is not some pretty lively work done at the annual meetings of the National League and American Association this winter it will be something of a surprise.—Phenomenal Smith is like the Irishman's fea, just when you think you have him he is gone.—Johnny Ward went into Joe Gerhardt's saloon the other morning. Tom Deasley was sitting there looking like an old back fence cat that had been out all night. "Hello, Tom," said Johnny, "will you have a drink?" "Well, will I," said Tom: "why I have been waiting here for two hours for some one to come along and ask me to take a drink." "Is that so?" said Johnny. "Can't you hang them up here?" "Hang them up? Why, I am lucky when they let me inside the door. If my tongue was hanging out that far," said Tom, measuring off two-thirds of his hand, and turning around to the bartender, "Yes, that far, you would not trust me for a drink."—Hard times are beginning to close in on the ball players, even at this early stage of the winter, before the snow has commenced to fall.—Bob Ferguson has been working quietly, but getting there all the same. The Metropolitans will, no doubt, be one of the strongest clubs in the American Association next season. He has engaged some dandy young players.—The following letter was received by us last June from an ardent admirer of the New Yorks: "What do you think of Capt. Anson's baby now? You New Yorkers brag so much about your darned old team and call them the giants and a lot of other pet names. Why the devil don't they play ball and not brag so much? All New York is only one big wind bag, anyhow. It must be very small giants they raise in New York, when they can let Chicago's babies beat them three straight games on their own ground. Oh, what a nine! Wait until they come to Chicago and get done up for three more, then I think they will be such small giants that we can put them in an envelope and send them back to you. Well—by—giants, from yours respectfully, Chicago Baby. Hurrah for Chicago. The New Yorks will get the omelet when the pigs commence to fly. Chicago Bo."—Mike Kelly's parrot is one of the wonders of the age, but it is a difficult matter to tell which is the greatest character—Mike or the parrot.—The ball players' union will no doubt be something like the trades unions, each man will be afraid to trust the other.—The players like the snails have gone into their holes for the winter.—

St. Louis came down like a wolf on the fold. And their pockets were filled up with greenbacks and gold. They told us gr at tales, amid smiles and frowns; They bet all their greenbacks, and swore by the Browns; But a basket of goose-eggs they got for their share, For Williamson, Kelly, and Anson were there. Three-baggers, two-baggers, and Latham, take care; For the Browns may play ball in a country town well, But the Kings of the League you'll find, Latham, are well.

The young man is now very tired and is in deep mourning for the Chicago boys who died in St. Louis last week. If the young man ever recovers and has any time to spare we will ask him to write a few more verses, as we would like to hear more about Williamson, Kelly and Anson being there.—The first game of the Chicago series of base ball between the Chicago National League champions and the St. Louis champions of the American Association was a disappointment to many of the spectators in the particular that it demonstrated that the St. Louis club, while it is undoubtedly competent to contest with the clubs of such towns as Louisville and Pittsburg, is entirely outclassed when it presumes to try conclusions with the champions of the National League. If the exhibition recently may be accepted as a criterion, we feel warranted in saying that there are 4 clubs in the National League that play better ball than the champions of the American Association.—Chicago Exchange.

* * *

The jackasses are not all dead yet.

* * *

Some ball players are too lazy to live.

Dave Foutz won a snug little bundle by backing up St. Louis against Chicago.

* * *

The directors' boots gave Jim Hart such a raise that he landed on the outside of the arena.

* * *

Modest Mike Scanlon is easily satisfied. He only wants Radbourne and Daily for Hines.

* * *

It is simply wonderful to see the style in which these young players are hustling the old "uns."

* * *

All some of the ball tossers seem to think of is to get enough of money together to start a rum shop.

* * *

The dude Esterbrook will make the one mistake of his life if he fails to sign with the Metropolitans.

* * *

Nothing in the world swells a ball player's head so quick as to have two or three managers looking for him.

* * *

Watkins met with great success last season, but it is dollars to cents that he will be a horse's rosette next season.

* * *

Kilroy struck out five men in succession, and has been going around ever since with his bat banging on his ear.

* * *

How did the last game strike you? Four out of six looks as though St. Louis can play from fair to middling with League clubs.

* * *

Columns were wasted upon the world's championship series in Chicago, but the nonsense was knocked out of their heads in St. Louis.

* * *

SPITFIRE.

ATTACKED BY AN INSANE FRIEND.

Thomas Cooper, an engineer, was attacked on Third street, Winona, Minn., the night of Nov. 6, by a man who sprang upon him from behind and struck him three heavy blows with a club. Mr. Cooper threw up the only arm he has to protect his head and caught one blow thereon, the other two cutting and bruising his head badly and felling him to the ground. Investigation shows that the assault was probably the work of an insane man. Marshal Eastey a day or two ago received a telegram from Brooklyn, N. Y., warning him that John Engeman, who lived in Winona prior to April, 1884, had become deranged and left for Winona Monday. He had previously talked of injuring Dr. Pierce and Thomas Cooper. Marshal Eastey at once notified these gentlemen, but they scouted the idea. Engeman is well known in Winona, where he lived or many years. In 1884 his brother left him property in Brooklyn worth \$40,000 and he removed there. Dr. Pierce and Tom Cooper were his warm friends, Dr. Pierce being his business as well as his medical adviser. Marshal Eastey scoured the city for Engeman, but no trace of him has yet been found.

* * *

CHICAGO, Nov. 5, 1886.

We have had to "sit up nights" for the last three weeks, filling orders, nine-tenths of which mentioned POLICE GAZETTE. Your paper beats them all as an advertising medium.

* * *

PAGE CITY PUB. CO.

* * *

TROY, N. Y., Nov. 6, 1886.

In sending our former copy we made only a trial advertisement, and must say that the results are far beyond our expectation.

* * *

TROJAN CHEMICAL CO.

* * *

TO ADVERTISERS.

Advertisers sending copy for blind advertisements must in all cases accompany their communication with a precise description of the goods they propose to sell.

Attention is called to the fact that no new accounts are opened for advertising, and that cash must in all cases accompany an order. Persons who are disappointed because their cards do not appear in this issue are those who omit to comply with this rule.

ALL ADVERTISING Agencies are forbidden to quote the POLICE GAZETTE at less than regular rates, and noticed that orders from them will not be received unless they exact full rates from advertisers.

Copy for advertisements must reach this office by Tuesday at 1 P. M., in order to insure insertion in following issue.

* * *

BOOKS THAT EVERY ONE SHOULD READ.

Glimpses of Gotham: or, New York by Daylight and after Dark.

Mark Tragedy of New York. A Full Expose of the Metropolitan Swindlers.

New York by Day and Night. A Continuation of Glimpses of Gotham.

New York Tombs: its Secrets, Romances, Crimes and Mysteries.

New York Unveiled. One of the most exciting books ever published.

Paris by Gaslight. The Gay Life of the Gayest City in the World.

Paris Inside Out; or, Joe Potts on the Loose. A vivid story of Parisian life.

Second Best: or, The Mysteries of the Play-House.

Great Art is of the American Stage. Portraits of the Actors and Actresses of America.

James Brothers, the Celebrated Outlaw Brothers. Their Lives and Adventures.

Billy Leroy, the Colorado Bandit. The King of American Highwaymen.

Cupid's Crimes; or, The Tragedies of Love. A history of criminal romances of passion and jealousy.

Famous Frauds: or, The Sharks of Society. The lives and adventures of famous imposters.

Myths and Mormonism. A Full Expose of its Hidden Crimes.

Siang Dictionary of New York, London and Paris. Compiled by a well-known detective.

Heathen China. His Virtues, Vices and Crimes. An account of the saffron slaves of California.

Guiteau's Crime. Full History of the Murder of President Garfield.

Assassin's Doom. Sequel to Guiteau's Crime. A history of the trial and sentence.

Crime Avenged. Sequel to the Assassin's Doom. The punishment of the murderer.

Murderous Americas. Heroines in the Red Romance of Crime.

Faro Exposed. A Complete Expose of the Great American Game.

Lives of the Poisoners. The Most Fascinating Book of the Year.

Mabille Unmasked. or the Wickedest Place in the World.

Crimes of the Cranks. Men and Women Who Have Made Insanity An Excuse for Murder.

Boycotting. Avenging Ireland's Wrongs. A true history of the Irish troubles.

Sutler's Crimes. or the Curiosities of Self-Murder. Showing the origin of suicide.

Coney Island Frolics. How New York's Gay Girls and Jolly Boys Enjoy Themselves by the Sea.

* * *

SPORTING BOOKS.

The American Athlete, a Treatise on the Principles and Rules of Training.

Champions of the American Prize Ring. Complete History and Portraits of all the American Heavy Weights.

Life of John Macie, ex-Champion of England.

"John Morrissey, Pugilist, Sport and Statesman.

"John C. Heenan, with all his Battles.

"Tug Wilson, Champion Pugilist of England.

"Ed. Hanlan, America's Champion Oarsman.

Betting Man's Guide, or How to Invest in Auction and Mutual Pools and Combinations.

* * *

Any of the above superbly illustrated books mailed to any address on receipt of 25 cts. Address RICHARD K. FOX, Box 40, N. Y.

* * *

Some ball players are too lazy to live.

CURE FOR THE DEAF.
PECK'S PATENT IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS PERFECTLY RESTORE THE HEARING and perform the work of the natural drum. Invisible and comfortable and always in position. Conversation even whispers, heard distinctly. Send for illustrated book of testimonials. Free. F. H. Fox, 833 Broadway, N. Y.

* * *

TO READERS.

Don't send money for goods to this office. We can not undertake to purchase for any one. Send direct to the advertiser always.

Letters to advertisers should be inclosed in sealed envelopes, bearing (upon the outside) the sender's address written across the end, in addition to the advertiser's address, written length wise as usual. This is an almost sure prevention of loss and disappointment. Letters so sent are always returnable to the sender, unopened, if they fail to deliver.

Correspondents abroad are cautioned against sending foreign postage stamps, which are useless as a remittance. Post office orders can invariably be obtained and should be used exclusively.

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MAN AND WOMAN.

Fancy Pictures for Gents. Men and Women together natural as life. Sold in sets of 12 for \$1. Guaranteed to be the most valuable and attractive in the market; one set (12) safely by mail, \$1. LIBERTY SUPPLY AGENT, 80 Nassau St., New York, Room 15, rear building.

FRENCH!

Adventures of a French doctor with his female patients—a rare book. 25 pages of fancy reading, choice tidbits and 10 male and female illustrations. By mail, sealed, 50 cents; 3 books same nature, all different, for \$1. Mail or express. T. M. JONES, Post Office Box 202, Jersey City, N. J.

TRY ONCE,

and you will be convinced that I have the Old-Time F. H. Book, \$2.50; also the Genuine Transparent Playing Cards, \$2.50 per pack. To prove it, I will send you 10 best samples of the cards, also 10 of the illustrated pages of the F. H. Book on recipt of One Dollar. (Room 2). OLD-TIME BOOK AGT, 160 William St., N. Y.

FREE.

For stamped directed envelope. Address, Old Time Book Agent, Room 2, 160 William street, N. Y.



The Magic Revealer. Do you wish to know the mysteries of art or nature? Magnifici! 1000 pieces, Sample, 25c; 3, 50c; 7, \$1. I do not, 10c; 1 gross, \$10. well sealed. Mail, well sealed, \$1. Genuine Transparent Playing Cards, pack, \$1; 2, \$2; 4, \$4.00; 1 dozen, \$7.00; 4 best samples, 10c. Racy Book for Gents, 61 Illustrations, 25c.

PHOTOS. Send 25c. for 6 very choice samples, just the kind you want.

SPICY! Six beautifully illustrated, fancy, political cards, entitled "What Did She Mean?" "Key Hole in the Door," "Parlor Scene at 12 P. M.," "Bliss to Young Ladies Learning the Machine," "Description of a Nuptial Night," and "Under the Garden Wall," sent for 25c. taken. All the above goods complete for \$2.50.

PHOTOGRAPHIC AGENCY, Box 178, Philadelphia, Pa.

GENTS' PROTECTORS best rubber, never fail, pliable, safe and durable, affording absolute security. By mail, 25c. each; 3 for 50c; 7 for \$1.00.

French Secr. for Ladies, 10c. Full pack (30) Genuine Transparent Playing Cards, \$1.25; sample card for 25c. stamps.

Fancy Illustrated Cards, Set of 6 "Mystic Oracle," "Maud's Confession," with photo, 25c; "Maiden's Dream" and photo, 25c; "The 25th Anniversary," "Jesus' Dream," 10c; "Love in Action," 10c.

MUSIC PHOTOS. "In the Cabinet" of 100 Rare Stage Beauties, 25c; "In the Act," and "Caught at it," 25c; all for 35c.

All the above goods complete, \$1.00. Stamps taken. J. A. MACKENZIE, Box 245, Jersey City, N. J.

SPORTING MEN

HUSH! You Can Get Them. Gents only. 55 Genuine Transparent Playing Cards, "Hold to Light," secret views; male and female; old-timers. Mailed secure, 25c. per pack; 2 packs, 50c.

The Magic Revealer, watch charm, very opera glass, magnifying glass, 25c. each; from nature, sample, 25c. "Sightseeing" 50c; 1 gross, \$1.40; stamp, 25c.

20 Soppy Photos from nature, pretty French girls, rich and rare, in interesting positions, only 25c. Cabinets old-timers (in act), highly colored, 3 best, 25c.

RUBBER ARTICLE for Gents, 25c. each; 3 for 50c. All the above goods complete for a \$1.00 bill.

THE FRENCH IMPORTING CO., Box 1234, Oswego, N. Y.

"A Night Scene," "Did It For Love," "On a Lucy," "The Spanish Virgin," "The Night Scene," "A Nun's Passion," and three other pieces. Postage, 25c. sealed.

PHOTOS—Men and Female; best old-timers; beauties; 6 for 25c; no two alike.

Four highly-colored pictures, LOVE SCENES, 50c.

15 LOVELY WOMEN: NO NIGHTS, 25c.

THE FIRST NIGHT. A one-act play, 24 pages, 50c. All the above goods, \$1.

PARK NOVELTY CO., Box 1, 191, Philadelphia, Pa.

TO GENTLEMEN ONLY

An entirely new invention, which no gentleman, married or single, should be without a single day. Over 20,000 sold in the past four months. They will last years, cause no damage, and can be carried in the vest pocket. Send securely sealed, full directions on receipt of 25c. nt, three for 50 cents, eight for \$1. R. F. CARON, Box 52-7, Boston, Mass. N. B.—This is no humbug. (Copyrighted.)

RUBBER GOODS.

LADIES VERY USEFUL RUBBER ARTICLE: self-adjusting, agreeable, durable, safe, fine material. Sent sealed for 50 CENTS. 2 for 80 cents.

GENTS RUBBER SAFES: best improved, never fail.

NOVELTY IMPORTING CO., Lock Box 104, Oswego, N. Y.

FRENCH GOODS.

Ladies Improved Protector, best quality, 50c; 3 for \$1.

Gent's Safes, \$1.00; extra, \$2.; \$1. Sample, 30c. Racy Photo, \$1. 25c. Rare, Racy Books, Medicines, etc. Cat., \$1. French Importing Co., Box 1, Phila. Pa.

GOODS. Latest Improved. Gents, 25c. cents, for \$1. Ladies, 50 cents each. Secure from observation. J. W. FRANCIS, Box 510, Boston, Mass.

Gent's Vest-pocket article; very thin, tough and durable, 25c. An ounce of Prevention, 30c. Rubber Article for Ladies, \$1. Bachelor's Friend, 30c. Secrets, 25c. GARDEN CITY NOVELTY CO., Chicago, Ill.

\$25 will start any person in a new business, and which will pay from \$10 to \$250 every evening. No peddling. Turn this out and write at once. WORLD MFG. CO., 122 Nassau St., New York.

SONGS 100 Songs 100c., 900 Songs 90c., 1800 Songs 100c. Send 12c. for racy sample to LOVER'S GAZETTE, Chicago, Ill.

QUEER how they go! 1,000 for \$50, 100 for \$1. 10 for \$1. Sample for 25c. Address L. WILLIS, 102 W. Jackson St., Chicago, Ill.

CHILDREN about your eyes—BOYS! Send 12c. for racy sample to LOVER'S GAZETTE, Chicago, Ill.

RUBBER Goods for Gents. Light and durable, 25c.; 3 for 50c. Box 257, Newark, N. J.

SPANISH Love Candy, 50c. a box. Circulars, to Love Powders, 50c. Box 1, Phila., Pa.

RUBBER SAFE, 50c. Tickler, 50c.; French Secret, 30c. Teaser, 10c. LOVER'S GAZETTE, Chicago.

Counterfeit Money not any. (1) sample for inspection, 10c. H. C. ROWELL & CO., Rutland, Vt.

Old, \$5.00. Samples by registered mail, 35c. POST OFFICE BOX 91, Eureka, Cal.

\$100 by mail \$1. LOCK BOX 19, Wareham, Mass.

SPORTING GOODS.

STAMPED CARDS.

Genuine quality, 50c. per pack; 15 per doz. Postpaid. T. C. TAYLOR, Box 103, Evans, Weld Co., Col.

Poker! If you want to win at Cards, send for the Secret Helper. A sure thing. It will beat old sports. Address H. O. BROWN & CO., Salem, N. H.

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Mollie's Confession with photo, 10c. Love and Folly, (rich and rare) 10c. French secrets, 10c., all 25c. G. M. HANSON, Chicago, Ill.

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Boys. A racy book, just out, "Chicago by Gaslight." send 25c. to LOVER'S GAZETTE, Chicago, Ill.

Different Ways of Doing It, with illustrations, sealed, for 25c. Address LOVER'S GAZETTE, Chicago, Ill.

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JOHN WOOD, the Theatrical and Sporting Photographer, 200 Bowery, N. Y., has 1000 portraits from life of all the champions, including John L. Sullivan, Jack Dempsey, Frank Herald, Ned Hanlan, John Tuemer, Jim Smith (champion of England), Richard K. Fox, besides 400 other famous amateur and professional athletes. Every sporting saloon should have the full set. Send stamps for catalogue.

NO TIGHTS. Cabinet Photos, females from life. Enclose in letter 18-20 stamps for sealed sample or a dollar for 10, and address Park City Pub Co., Chicago.

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Photos for Gents only; 20 for 10c.; 60 for 25c., with price list. THURBER & CO., Bay Shore, New York.

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12 CARDS, entitled: "What Tommy Saw Under the Parlor Door," "The Tickler," "The Nuptial Night," "The Adventures of a Newly-Married Couple," "Sparking in the Dark," "The Beautiful Man and His Experience on His Wedding Night," "How to Do It," and five others equally racy 50 cents. Young sport! Pack (53) Genuine Transparent Cards: with 2 cabinets of females from life for 50 cents. Pall Mall Gazette, in book form; just published, 32 pages, 25c. reading, 15 cents.

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All of the above complete for a \$1. bill.

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